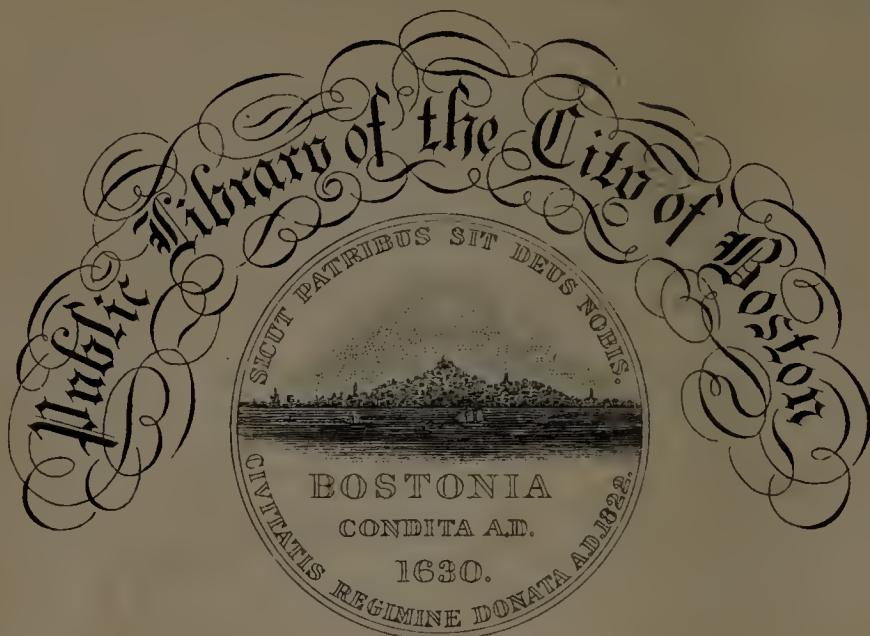




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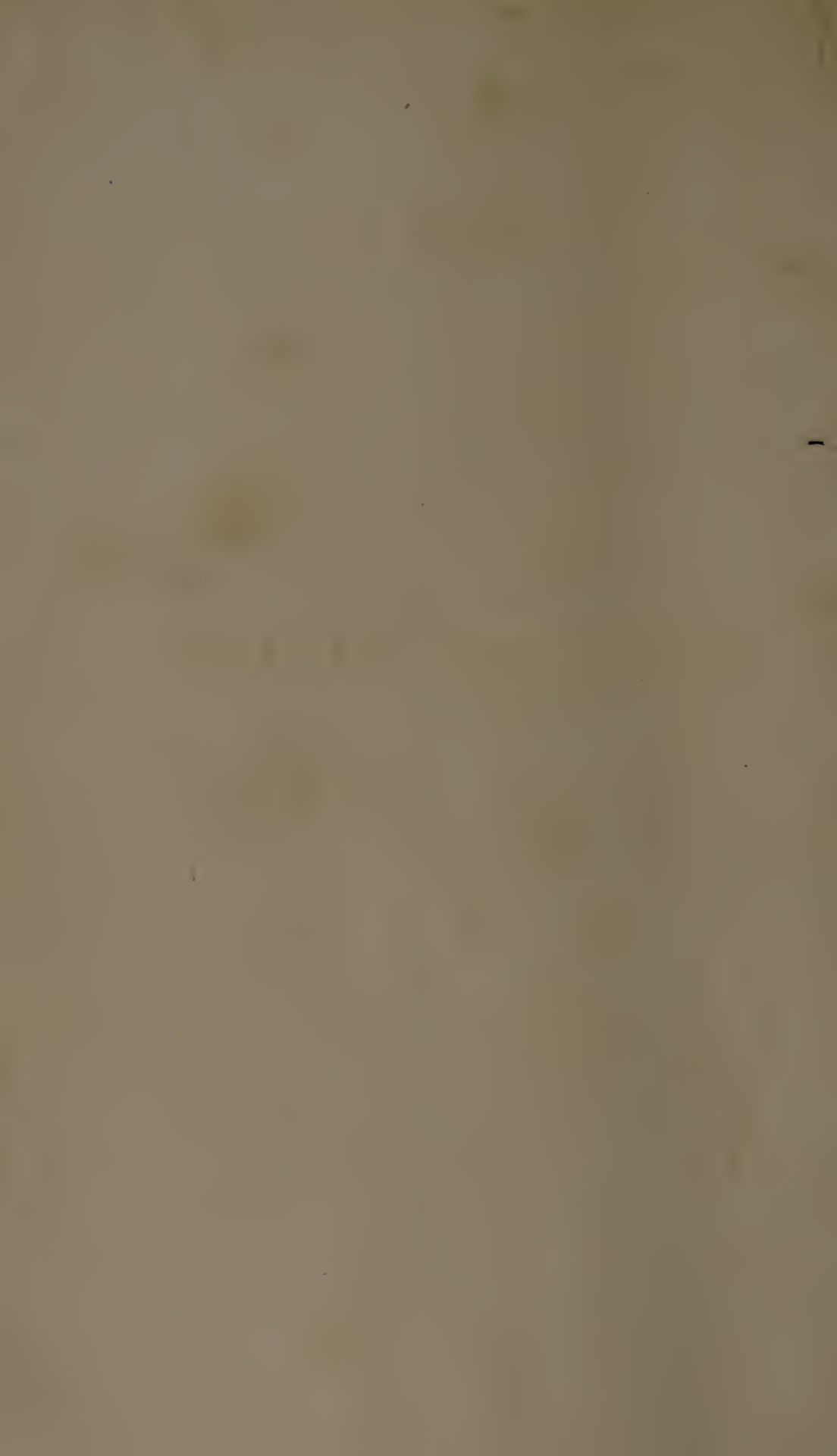
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# LITERARY FABLES.

THE JOURNAL OF THE



# FABLES

ON SUBJECTS

CONNECTED WITH LITERATURE.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH

OF

*DON TOMAS DE YRIARTE.*

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BY

JOHN BELFOUR, Esq.

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Usus vestuto genere, sed rebus novis.

*Phæd. Lib. V. Prol.*

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*ERRATA.*

Page 7, line 18, dele *and*.

— 12, — 9, for *or* read *if*.

— 65, — 8, for *décrepid* read *decrepit*.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

*&c. &c.*

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FABLES may be considered either as Historical, Philosophical, Allegorical, or Moral. Some combine these different qualities, others are the mere offspring of Imagination. Historical fables are such as, however embellished by fiction, have yet their foundation in truth. Philosophical fables are those which poets have invented to disguise the mysteries of philosophy. Allegorical fables are a species of parable, covering a mystic sense. The Moral fable answers to the ancient apologue. Mixed fables are those which, susceptible of alle-



gory and moral, have not their foundation in history ; or such as, having history for their ground-work, contain allusions that convey a moral or a physical sense. But without discussing these various and distinct definitions, which would lead us infinitely beyond the proposed limits of these few prefatory remarks, it will be sufficient to observe briefly upon the origin and progress of fables, in their common acceptation, and point out in what respect the fables now submitted to the public differ from those which have preceded them.

A fable or apologue is *instruction disguised under the allegory of action* ; or, as La Motte has observed, it is a small epic poem, inferior to others only in extent. Its origin



has been variously stated. By many it has been traced to the invention of symbolical characters, or, in other words, to the invention of allegory; of which, what is called fable, is only a part. Allegory, reduced to a simple action, to a specific moral, has been most commonly attributed to Æsop\*. Others have given the honour to Hesiod†, to Archilochus, to Socrates‡. But the real origin of a fable may perhaps be traced infinitely higher. For the opinion which has given the invention of this beau-

\* Æsopus *Auctor* quam materiam repperit,  
Hanc ego *polivi* versibus senariis.

Phæd. Prol. ad Lib. 1.

† Illæ quoque fabulæ, quæ etiamsi originem non ab Æsopo acceperunt, (nam videtur earum *primus auctor Hesiodus*) nomine tamen Æsopi, maximè celebrantur. Quint. Instit. Or. Lib. 5. c. 11.

‡ Suidas in Σοκράτην. But it is more generally believed that Socrates only amused himself with versifying a few of the fables of Æsop.

tiful portion of literature to Æsop\*, insinuates only that it was he who introduced into Greece this familiar method of treating the most important doctrines of philosophy†. It is very certain that the Chaldæans and Egyptians, many ages before the Grecian æra, were accustomed to disguise a moral instruction under the veil of a parable. The Hieroglyphics among the Egyptians in particular, are a clear proof of the love of mystery in which that nation delighted. Every thing with them was expressed by some image or other. Their religion it-

\* Usi sunt ea vetustissimi quoque auctores; Hesiodus, Archilochus, &c. nominantur autem, ab inventoribus fabularum, aliæ Æsopiæ, aliæ Cypriæ, aliæ Lybicæ, aliæ Sybariticæ; omnes autem *communitè* Æsopiæ, quoniam in conventibus frequenter, solebat Æsopus uti. Priscian. from Bayle Art. Æsop. Note A.

† Dictus est Æsopus *Λογοποιος*, non quod primus mutæ loqui docuerit; nam ante eum Hesiodus hoc fecerat, in sermone Luſcinia ad Accipitrem: sed quod præcipuè hoc scribendi genus sectatus est. Ménage in Laertium, Lib. 1. N. 72.

self was under a veil; to the profane vulgar it was made known only by emblematic fictions, or fables; and the sacred veil was never uplifted, but to those who were deemed worthy of initiation. The language of the priests, the ceremonies of their worship, the character of their writings, all were symbolical and mysterious. The figures of stars, of men and animals, engraved on their pyramids and altars, were only so many allegorical truths, and figurative doctrines, which led to the establishment and improvement of their commerce and agriculture, and enforced the duties, as well of civil, as of religious life\*. In a

\* Precepts thus embellished with all the graces of fiction, morality thus beautifully conveyed, were likely to make impression on the rude uncultivated understandings of those days. For these beneficent purposes, we are to presume, were fables employed by the priests;

country too where the doctrine of Metempsychosis was a dogma universally received, it was no where more likely that the various animals of every description, which formed the natural history of that part of the world, should become objects of peculiar attention and study. Pythagoras, on his visiting Egypt, found it a principle established for many ages; and, on his return into Greece, made it a part of the philosophy which he taught. From the moment that the idea prevailed of the soul passing into the body of some animal,

not, as in after-ages, to impose on the credulity of mankind, and spread the dominion of superstition; such as is described by Lucretius.

Humana ante oculos fœde cum vita jaceret  
 In terris, oppressa gravi sub religione,  
 Quæ caput a cœli regionibus ostendebat,  
 Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans,  
 Primum, &c. Lib. 1.

nothing seemed more natural, or of greater importance, than to acquire a knowledge of the habits, manner of living, and propensities, of beasts, of fish, and of birds. This conviction being once impressed on the minds of men, they were easily induced to suppose a language among animals; and to that idea we may probably attribute the origin of a fable, where by words and actions, ascribed to beasts, and inanimate objects, the dispositions of men are figured. We may perhaps go further, and say that the first principle of a fable, is coeval with the origin of language itself. It has been said, that poetry is older than prose, and that the style of all language must have been at first poetical; that is, strongly tinged with that enthusiasm and that descriptive metaphorical diction, which distinguishes



Poetry \*. In the earliest productions of the Oriental nations, we discover a turn of mind uncommonly poetical, their writings teeming with figurative expressions; their divinity, their philosophy, political and moral tenets, all veiled under the guise of fables and fictions †. To this day it will be found, that among the inhabitants of the east, the most common instructions are clothed in the most figurative language,

\* This is so true, that in every country on its first establishment, its priests, its legislators, its statesmen, all delivered their laws and instructions in poetry. Thus among the Greeks, Apollo, Orpheus, Amphion, Minos, Thales, &c. &c. till the age of Herodotus. Among the Gothic nations, we may observe the Runic songs of their *Scalders* or Poets. Among the Celtic tribes in Gaul, in Britain, and in Ireland, their bards, at once poets and musicians, had the greatest influence in the formation of society.

† The sacred writings, the most ancient of any, full of hyperbolical figures, and containing passages of the most sublime poetry, prove the early influence of that art among the Jews, and among the Egyptians; and seem to

and there is hardly a sentence, however intended to enforce the most trivial duty, that is not introduced or accompanied by some allegorical allusion.

We are then indebted for the invention of fables, not to the Greeks, but to the more ancient nations of Asia. The apologues of Bidpai\*, or Pilpai, are probably the first of the kind ever known, unless we

establish the hypothesis, that we must look to them and other eastern nations for the invention of fables. Besides their frequent prosopopœias or bold personifications of mountains, of seas, and of rivers, the sacred poets have many beautiful and animated descriptions of their country, and of the arts and employments of their common life. Allegory, the foundation of fable, is with them a frequent figure, particularly in the prophetical writings.

\* The several French editions of the apologues of Bidpai by Galland, Cardonne, &c. are strongly suspected by the learned and discriminating Sir W. Jones, to be guilty of a misnomer. He conceived that the fables which pass under that name, are the apologues of *Veeshnoo Serma*. "They were first translated," says Sir William,

presume, that others might previously have existed, from the circumstance of Bidpai having been first minister to the rich and powerful monarch of a country, perhaps long accustomed to civilization. These Indian fables, among which may be found the fable of the Two Pigeons, were translated into all the languages of the east, sometimes under the name of Bidpai, sometimes under the name of Lochman. From thence they found their way into Greece,

from the Sanscreeet, in the sixth century, by *Buzerchumih*r, (bright as the sun) the chief physician, and afterwards the Vizir of the great *Anushirwan*, and are extant under various names in more than twenty languages, but their original title is *Hitópadesa*, or amicable instruction; and as the very existence of *Æsop*, whom the Arabians believe to have been an Abyssinian, appears rather doubtful, I am not disinclined to suppose, that the first *moral fables* which appeared in Europe, were of *Indian* or *Ethiopian* origin." See discourse delivered to the Society for enquiring into the History civil and natural, the Antiquities, Sciences and Literature of Asia, &c. 26 Feb. 1786.



where they were known as the fables of Æsop\*. The Greeks delighted in the marvellous, and enlarged on every thing they received from other countries. They conceived that, instead of disfiguring the original and simple idea of a fable, they rather embellished and improved it, by embodying in action, and giving “a local habitation and a name” to signs, either natural or created; and by drawing from the instinctive propensities of animals, and the properties of plants, those agreeable and instructive

\* The Greeks, ever willing to attribute to their own nation the invention of others, always considered Æsop as the first author of fables. With no better reason they ascribed the origin of poetry to Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus. When in fact, to discover the rise of poetry, we must have recourse to the deserts, to the very origin of society itself; we must go back to the age of hunters and shepherds; to the highest antiquity; and to the simplest form of manners among mankind. Dr. Blair’s Lect. 3, 87.

lessons, calculated, in their opinion, to reform the manners of mankind. That they were not deceived, the testimony and experience of so many ages since their time have evidently demonstrated. So true is it that morality, thus put in action, has a seducing and attractive tendency, which the dryness of dogmatical precepts will seldom or ever convey.

Pueris dant crustula blandi  
Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima.

Authors have but seldom agreed as to the time when *Æsop* lived. Some have gone so far as to doubt whether he ever existed. His life, written by *Planudes*\*, a monk of

\* *Méziriac* and *La Fontaine* in their lives of *Æsop*, in appearing to condemn the libel of *Planudes* as nugatory and destitute of probability, have notwithstanding, in a great many instances, been compelled to copy his inconsistencies.

the fourteenth century, is indeed such a wretched compilation of evident falshoods and misrepresentations, abounding with such glaring anachronisms and geographical errors, that it cannot be produced as any proof of his existence. He is, it is true, mentioned by Plutarch\*, by Plato†, by Suidas‡, and others, but in a manner too vague and contradictory, to establish any confirmed data, as to the age in which he lived, the place of his birth, or the number of fables properly his§. It is at the best a

\* Plut. Convivium Sapient. Life of Solon.

† Plato de Repub. Phædo.

‡ Suidas in Σοφιστῶν.

§ The number of fables mentioned by Planudes as Æsop's, are 149; but it is beyond a doubt that besides inserting many by Avienus and others, he interpolated a considerable number of his own. This collection was first printed at Milan in 1480, soon after the introduction of printing into Italy.

speculation more curious than useful; and mankind, who have so long agreed to admire the fables which pass under his name, are little interested in the result of any inquiry as to who was really the Inventor.

The merit of the fables attributed to Æsop, seems to consist chiefly in the apologue, the narrative part being entirely divested of ornament. The aim of every other species of poetry, is professedly to instruct, or to please. Of fables it may be said, that their utility alone is considered, and that embellishments are only a secondary aid which an author may borrow or reject, as he pleases. Not that poetical ornaments should be totally laid aside, but they should be used with discretion, and applied with the strictest propriety. There

is a medium, between a disgusting dryness on the one hand, and a superfluous abundance on the other. There is a method of embellishing a subject so far as it will admit of ornament, and no farther; and a neglect of ornament in those subjects which are susceptible of decoration, would argue the same want of judgment which uses it too copiously on improper occasions. It is the pride of architecture, to adapt every rule of the art to the chastest design; so to unite the suggestions of fancy with classical arrangement, that they shall appear only as auxiliary graces, which may please the eye, but would leave the building perfect without them. It must be observed, however, that the fables of Æsop are much too concise to afford entertainment to the mind, however their moral may interest the

heart; and it appears somewhat extraordinary that they should have delighted the Greeks, who in their historians, their orators, and their poets, required a more elevated and brilliant style, whose conversation abounded in metaphorical expressions, and who had soon forgotten the beautiful simplicity which distinguished their first writers. But the fact is, that this very people, whose taste was at once so difficult and so delicate, in this single instance, were disposed to admire truth more than words, and no better proof can be adduced, than the constant testimony of esteem which accompanied the fables of Æsop\*.

\* Æsopi ingentem statuam posuere Attici. Phæd. Plato, who had expelled Hesiod and Homer from his



Phædrus, who wrote on a more extended plan, deserved, and obtained, the applause of the most enlightened age of antiquity, that of Augustus. With a conciseness infinitely less obscure than the brevity of Æsop, without deviating from that simplicity of arrangement, which is to be found in his predecessor, he is remarkable for the elegance of his thoughts, the delicacy of his expressions, and the happy turn of his verse. But even Phædrus has by no means ventured to the extent of which a fable is capable. His general style, uniform, cold, and destitute of colouring,

republic of letters, assigned to Æsop an honourable place, and advised the perusal of his fables. *Της δε εγκριθέντας (μυθης) πεισομεν τας τροφης τε και μητερας λεγειν τοις παισι· Και πλαίτειν τας ψυχας αυτων τοις μυθοις, πολυ μαλλον η τα σωματα ταις χερσι·* Plato De Repub. lib. 2. And to denote a man as entirely ignorant, the Athenians used to say, “Ουδ’ Αισωπον ωπαληκας.” Arist. Aves. 471.

seems more adapted to didactic poetry than to the apologue, where a pleasing facility, and even a certain degree of negligence, are absolutely necessary. His fables appear to be the work of a man evidently restrained by his ideas of correctness, whose mind, in itself upright and honest, is never impassioned, either in the defence of virtue, or in the exposure of vice. However, therefore, he may be admired for the precision of his ideas, and the simplicity of style which accompanies them, his fables cannot be considered as models for that species of writing. Where the thoughts are compressed and restrained in such a confined number of phrases, they cannot distinctly point out every object. There are necessary details to every subject, which an author is seldom excused for omitting.



It is by these details, which illustrate without confusing a story, that La Fontaine would seem to claim a superiority over the ancients\*.

Of La Fontaine who has not heard? and who, while he opens the volumes of that fascinating writer, has not admired the purity and simplicity of his manner, and the

\* It would have been endless to enumerate the other ancient fabulists, whose names alone are now familiar to the learned; such as the Greek Gabrias, who, in the composition of his fables, limited himself to *four* lines, in which he included both the action and the moral; Aphtonius; Avienus, who lived under Theodosius, and translated some of Æsop's fables in elegiac verse, to which he added many of his own; of whose poetical imagination some idea may be formed by the complete version of the *Decades of Livy* in Iambics, which, it is said, he actually accomplished, but is now deservedly lost. Of the more modern fabulists, whose compositions are in Latin, the fables by Faërnus, the *Hecatomythium* of Abstemius, and the collection by Camerarius, are esteemed.

pleasing naiveté of his thoughts? He is indeed infinitely superior to Æsop or Phædrus; has more imagination, a more poetical genius, and a greater knowledge of human nature than either: he is remarkable too for that pleasing variety in his poems, which always distinguishes the man of genius. In some of his tales may be seen the tenderness of Tibullus\*, occasionally the majestic harmony of Virgil, and frequently the delicate touches of Horace. He seems, without affecting it, to be master of every style, and can give to each its appropriate beauties, from the familiar

\* What grace and delicacy are united in the following description of Venus!

“ Rien ne manque à Vénus, ni les lis, ni les roses,  
Ni le mélange exquis des plus aimables choses,  
Ni ce charme secret, dont l'oeil est enchanté,  
Ni la grace, plus belle encore que la beauté ! ”

language of common life to the impetuous sallies or pathetic emotions of the most lively eloquence. This eulogy will not appear exaggerated or inflated to those who have studied the various works of La Fontaine, and who, not satisfied with a critical perusal of his common fables, have traced him, through every part of his more elaborate poems. It must be acknowledged, however, that this charming writer is not without his defects. It has been judiciously observed by Voltaire, that he who has not sagacity to detect the failings of a writer, has seldom sensibility to admire and feel his beauties. It cannot be denied, that La Fontaine is often deficient in correctness and clearness of style; and that he is occasionally guilty of grammatical

errors, which would seem almost inexcusable in a man long accustomed to the society of Racine and of Boileau, and with the writings of those celebrated authors as models before him. Many of his fables are of unnecessary length; in some the moral is common place; in others, vague, undefined, and contradictory. It may be observed, however, that these imperfections are not always to be attributed to La Fontaine himself. Many of the faults, which are ascribed to him, he might have avoided, by paying a less servile deference to the ancient models; and by deviating from that constant, and almost superstitious reverence for the writers of antiquity, which led him blindly to imitate defects, that his own better sense would have condemned.

He was soon followed by La Motte, an author who, however estimable for his other writings, appears to have derived little of his reputation from his fables. They were severely criticised at the time they appeared, and the silent testimony of succeeding years has confirmed the judgment then passed upon them. No reader can indeed fail to remark the wide difference between him and his admirable precursor. La Motte, more argumentative and logical in his reasoning, but cold and methodical in his manner, discovers to the searcher of truth a dreary and uncomfortable prospect, while La Fontaine, with greater art, strews with flowers the path that conducts him to it. By painting in warmer colours the advantages of virtue, and by combating vice with the arms of

ridicule, he has better succeeded in securing the attention and applause of his readers\*.

Ridiculum acri

Fortiùs ac meliùs magnas plerumque secat res†.

Germany presents us with but few fabulists worthy of being recorded. In that country, where a taste for the belles-lettres has not yet been universally diffused, its literati have been employed more upon matters of science, than upon productions merely of

\* Je tâche d'y tourner le vice en ridicule  
Ne pouvant l'attaquer avec des bras d'Hercule.

† It was not thought necessary to mention the many volumes of fables which have appeared at different times in France during the last century. But slightly noticed at their first appearance, they have not survived the names of their authors. We may perhaps except those of Florian; they have indeed all the simplicity of language, and chastity of ideas, so conspicuous in the works of that interesting writer and most amiable man.



imagination. Gellert and Lessing are the only authors who have attempted this particular line. The fables of Gellert were not only highly successful among his countrymen, but have appeared to advantage in other parts of the continent, better enabled to appreciate their merit. The choice of subjects, the moral, and the style neither inflated nor too familiar, are every where deserving of commendation, and do honour to the judgment, the heart, and talents of the poet. His recitals are not devoid of ornament, but always regulated by a nice discretion of taste.

With us, fables do not appear to have been a favourite department of literature; the fables of Gay and of Moore being the only attempts of the kind which it may

be necessary to mention. In the opinion of Johnson, Gay does not appear to have thoroughly understood the definition of the word, *fable*. Like Phædrus, he has confounded them with tales, and many of those he has denominated fables, resemble more some of the ancient allegorical tales, from which it is not always possible to extract a moral principle. Gay had perhaps not much of poetical genius, his other compositions possessing little comparative celebrity. Of the fables, the versification is in general smooth and correct, the descriptions lively and interesting; he has occasionally the simplicity of La Fontaine, whom indeed he much resembled in the softness, indolence, and eccentricity of his character\*. Moore had a greater

\* "He was a natural man, says Spence, without design, who spoke what he thought, and just as he



spirit of poetry than Gay; there is more of beautiful imagery, and a more pleasing harmony of numbers. His fables, in their construction and in their moral, are more perfect than Gay's, and he perhaps exceeds that popular fabulist in just delineations of human life. The four fables of Brooke\*, inserted in Moore's collection, might be pronounced superior to any in our language, were it not for their excessive

thought it. He was of a timid temper, and fearful of giving offence to the great; which caution however was of no avail." For, like La Fontaine, he was neglected by the court; which gave rise to the line of Pope,

"Gay dies unpensioned, with a hundred friends!"

And in the epistle to Arbuthnot, to the tender and indignant apostrophe,

"Of all thy blameless life, the sole return  
My verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn."

\* The Temple of Hymen; The Sparrow and the Dove; The Female Seducers; Love and Vanity.

length ; but they are much too extensive for that species of writing. A fable should be short, strong in the application, quick in the effect, and poignant in the moral. They may more properly be considered as allegorical tales. They are in some degree deficient in perspicuity, but the pictures and descriptions are highly coloured, and the versification is polished and harmonious.

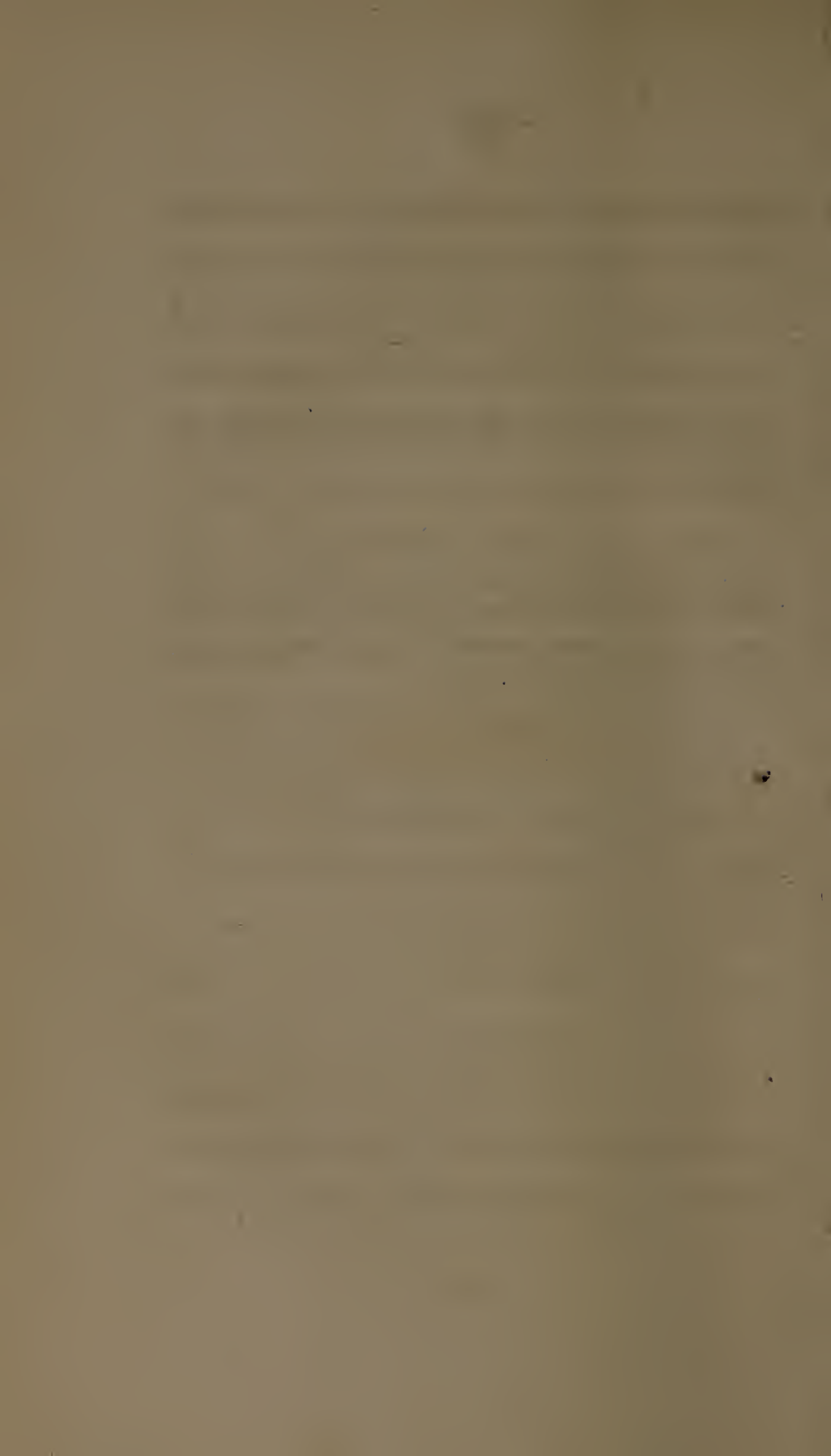
It only remains, to give an account of the present work, and to state the reasons which have induced the translator to present this volume to the public. Too diffident of his judgment and his talents to submit any original fables to the literary tribunal of his country, he chose rather to indulge his partiality for that interesting

species of poetry, by assuming the garb of a translator, flattering himself that the name and authority of his author would shelter and counterbalance his own defects. A fortunate chance threw the FABLES of YRIARTE in his way. Struck with the novelty of the plan, and pleased with the merit of its execution, he has ventured to imitate, as nearly as possible, the various beauties of the original; with what success others are now to judge. It will be seen that these fables differ from those of other fabulists in this, that their moral or application always turns on literary points; that they begin or conclude with apothegms allusive more to authors and to books, than to the follies of individuals, or the errors of common life. They satirize the vanity which occasionally marks the let-

tered race, and point out the eccentricities which often accompany genius. At the same time they afford every possible instruction to the willing candidate for poetical honours, and give every encouragement to those who modestly aspire to literary fame. Hence the title of *Literary Fables*, which the author has given them. The name of Yriarte is little known in this country, though warmly applauded on the continent by every admirer of Spanish poetry. The translator, who has perused all his works, conceives them to be eminently worthy the attention of his countrymen. A poem in five cantos, entitled, *La Musica*, has uncommon merit, and should this little volume be favoured with attention, he may be encouraged to give a version of it to the public. He flatters

himself that, as the study of the language and best authors of Spain becomes more general, the rich melody of the one and the various excellence of the other, will amply repay any attendant difficulty or labour\*.

\* The translator of the following fables acknowledges with peculiar pleasure that he is indebted for these "Introductory Remarks" to his brother, OKEY BELFOUR, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.



# FABLES.





# PROLOGUE.

---

## FABLE I.

---

*Ningun particular debe ofenderse de lo que se dice en  
comun.*

---

### THE ELEPHANT AND OTHER ANIMALS.

IN climes, that we shall never reach,  
When beasts possess the pow'r of speech,—  
(But I'll defy e'en college men  
To specify the place, and when ;)—  
'Tis said, an Elephant, most wise,  
Saw with disquiet, and surprize,

In conduct, manners, and discourse,  
 There still were errors, that, by force,  
 (As he conceiv'd,) or reasoning plain,  
 It was his duty to restrain :—  
 This to effect, at early dawn,  
 He summon'd, on a spacious lawn,  
 All quadrupeds beneath the sky,  
 And fowls that walk, and birds that fly ;—  
 And in a speech of decent length,  
 Replete with argument and strength,  
 Harangu'd them with a lawyer's power,  
 And wondrous well, at least an hour !

Vices of every sort, and kind,  
 And each depravity of mind,  
 As envy, malice, accusation,  
 And scandal, met his reprobation :—  
 He said, that anarchy and strife,  
 Were ills that would embitter life ;  
 That power abus'd, and pride, and shew,  
 In disappointment end, and woe ;  
 While virtue often waits on health,  
 On industry, respect, and wealth ;

And spoke a truth, that man should know,  
 “ Content makes happiness below.”

Now this address, the style, the cause,  
 Met, from some hearers, great applause;  
 They thought it full of solid sense,  
 And urg’d as not to give offence.  
 Such was th’ opinion of the dove,  
 The symbol of connubial love,  
 The lamb, who pass’d his time away  
 In innocence, and harmless play,  
 The partridge, loyal in th’ extreme,  
 Bees that laborious ever seem,  
 The noble horse, with courage blest,  
 The dog, of gratitude possest;  
 And oft the sparrow chirp’d with glee,  
 And crow’d the cock in ecstasy.—

But lo! though these the matter prais’d,  
 A clamour by the rest was rais’d.  
 The tiger, all his rage assuming,  
 Declar’d the censor was presuming,

In which the rav'nous wolf agreed,  
 And vow'd that he'd avenge the deed;  
 The serpent too, began to rail,  
 His venom shew'd, and coil'd his tail,  
 While others, with less fatal rage,  
 Vow'd nought their anger should assuage;  
 And hence, the seed of discord sown,  
 The viper, moth, and listless drone,  
 The crafty fox, replete with guile,  
 And sturdy ass, inur'd to toil,  
 Rose up,—and all, with one accord,  
 Swore they'd not hear another word.—  
 To whom, as nothing mortified,  
 The reasoning Elephant replied:  
 “ Good friends, what I advance as true  
 “ Applies to me, as well as you;  
 “ I name no crimes, in terms severe,  
 “ But rail at vice, in general here;  
 “ But if you will not feel the force  
 “ Of my well meant, and plain discourse,  
 “ I beg this riot you will cease,  
 “ And straightway journey home in peace.”

In works design'd for general use  
 'Tis painful oft to see abuse  
 Levell'd with much severity,  
 Not at the errors critics see,  
 (While they, an author's writings scan;—)  
 But at his foibles, as a man.—  
 Yet many, full of spleen, delight  
 To censure faults in those who write,  
 Pleas'd imperfections to disclose  
 Of person, or caprice expose;—  
 To all those bright conceptions blind  
 That issue from the vigorous mind:—  
 Anxious to dim a poet's fame,  
 By coupling folly with his name.—

Now be it known, from business freed,  
 To those, who may these Fables read,  
 To no one party are addrest  
 Thoughts, or remarks, in them exprest:  
 Vices I note, and faults, 'tis true,  
 Yet not the faults of Tom or Hugh;—  
 But such as all may plainly see,  
 Who nature view, as well as me.—

'Then since, with no malignant pen,  
I ridicule the faults of men,  
But, e'en like Horace, with a smile  
From guilt allure, and crimes revile;  
Should any bard, through shame, or whim,  
Conceive my satire sped at him,  
As thousands in the world, beside,  
Are sway'd by wealth, and pomp, and pride,  
'Tis he, in fact, directs the dart  
That strikes so deeply to his heart.



## FABLE II.

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*Sin reglas del arte, el que en algo acierta, acierta por casualidad.*

---

## THE ASS AND THE REED.

UNHEEDING whether worldly praise  
 Or censure wait these artless lays,  
 This fable, for the young design'd,  
 Occurr'd spontaneous to my mind.—

Beside a rural calm retreat,  
 Where social friends for converse meet,  
 Or drain th' exhilarating bowl,  
 In pure urbanity of soul:

An Ass, as once he chanc'd to stray,  
 A Reed discover'd on his way;  
 Dropt, (and by accident, no doubt,)  
 By some harmonious shepherd-lout,  
 Who oft with music's soothing powers  
 Beguil'd away the tedious hours.—

Pleas'd with the prize—He breath'd—and found  
 The Reed return'd a hollow sound.—  
 He breath'd again, again a strain  
 Hoarse, rude, discordant, fill'd the plain ;  
 At this the Ass, with pride elate,  
 No more thought meanly of his state ;  
 And thus began : “ Though long with awe  
 “ I've crouch'd beneath a tyrant's law,  
 “ I trust, my master, great and wise,  
 “ No more my talents will despise,  
 “ Since I have learn'd, (by chance indeed,)  
 “ So well to tune the shepherd's reed.”—

He who regardless of the rules  
 Of science, that are taught in schools,

With little erudition blest,  
Of genius, talents, unpossest,—  
Who, void of energy and grace,  
In order scarce his words can place,  
Yet strives in verse, or sober prose,  
By folly flatter'd, to compose;  
Should he (a happy wight!) by chance  
Some truth ingeniously advance,  
Let him not think one lucky hit  
Can stamp him either bard or wit;—  
Since without method, taste, and ease,  
No author long the world can please.

## FABLE III.

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*Quando se trata de notar los defectos de una obra, no  
deben censurarse los personales de su autor.*

---

## THE PEACOCK AND THE CROW.

FROM books we seldom can discern  
 An author's mind, his morals learn;—  
 Many full well in Virtue's cause  
 Have written, who transgress'd its laws;  
 Appear'd Religion to befriend,  
 Who to no ritual would attend;  
 And many a muse hath sweetly sung  
 That liv'd the sons of vice among.

Alike hath many a wit refin'd,  
 Whose writings have improv'd mankind,  
 Drench'd in the sloth-inspiring bowl  
 The finest feelings of the soul;  
 Or lur'd to Dissipation's bowers  
 In riot chill'd his brightest powers;  
 And some, whose converse thousands court,  
 Have made of sacred writ a sport:—  
 From hence, must many critics err  
 Who much from what they read infer:—  
 And hence, 'tis evident and plain  
 That those who sway the muse's train  
 Should to the work pay due attention,  
 And ne'er the author's foibles mention.

It chanc'd upon a certain day  
 A Peacock, proud of his display,  
 His speckled breast, his sparkling eyes,  
 And plumage of unnumber'd dies,  
 Challeng'd the Crow—a lowly bird,  
 (Though what the bet was I've not heard)  
 The tedious moments to beguile  
 To fly with him a single mile;

To which the ravenous Crow agreed  
 And bade him meet him on the mead.—  
 The point was settled, whence their flight  
 Should take it's course, and where alight,  
 And straight the umpires chose a place  
 Most fit for this aerial race.—  
 The signal given—The Peacock spread  
 His ample wings—and rear'd his head,  
 And to the wonder of the crew  
 Who came this enterprize to view,  
 With all the eloquence of man,  
 Instead of flying, thus began:—

“ I think it, friend, beneath my powers,  
 “ To prosecute this race of ours;  
 “ For can there in our shape and mien  
 “ The least comparison be seen?  
 “ Thou art, whate'er thy worth, at best  
 “ A filthy animal confest,  
 “ Groveling in thought, and black and small,  
 “ While I am beautiful and tall,  
 “ The wonder of the village train,  
 “ Who hoot thee daily from the plain.—

“ But not o’er thee do I excel  
“ In outward shape—for striplings tell  
“ Thou art devoid of smell and taste,  
“ And feed’st on carrion in the waste:  
“ As such, I really should feel shame  
“ With thee to risk my life and fame.”

Amaz’d all stood, when, free from pride  
Or anger, thus the Crow replied:  
“ Whate’er may be the talents given  
“ To thee, by all-indulgent heaven—  
“ Or what the gifts to me assign’d,  
“ Or what the bias of my mind,  
“ It matters not. While journeying here  
“ I move in my allotted sphere:—  
“ But this extraneous is; our bet,  
“ My angry friend, is pending yet.  
“ ’Tis not of colour, figure, might,  
“ But who the swifter is of flight.—”



## FABLE IV.

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*Mui necio y envidioso es quien aféa un pequeño des cuidado  
en una obra grande.*

---

## THE OX AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

OFt when a learned work is seen  
It rouses many an author's spleen,  
For sneers malign and jealous fits  
Are very common among wits;  
All, envious of the author's praise,  
Against the book, a clamour raise,  
And if no great defects they find,  
On trivial faults they fix the mind. —

Critics like these, however wise,  
 The man of talent will despise.  
 They check wild genius in her flight,  
 And render timid those who write;  
 Mar many a bold design;—impart  
 Affliction to the boldest heart;  
 Pervert full oft an author's aim;  
 And drive him from the path of fame.

Time was—an Ox, upon whose toil  
 Blithe Ceres oft was seen to smile,—  
 Th' unwieldy plough across the lawn  
 For many a tedious hour had drawn,  
 A chirping Grasshopper drew near,  
 And with these sounds assail'd his ear:  
 “As gaily, thro' the live-long day  
 “I've sung the passing hours away;  
 “Till now thy labour, honest friend,  
 “My reason led me to commend.”  
 “Why not to day?” the other said:  
 “How crooked is that furrow made!”

“ My tuneful friend,” the Ox replied,  
“ Such ignorance I pr’ythee hide ;  
“ For had the rest as crooked been,  
“ You ne’er deformity had seen ;  
“ But hie thee hence, and sing thy song:—  
“ The swain, to whom I now belong,  
“ Will not despise my work in haste,  
“ If, as he roams across the waste,  
“ One crooked line should strike his view,  
“ Amid so many strictly true !”





G. Jones del.

C. Pye sculp.

*Believe me friend, they wrong my fame;  
Who make Men startle at my name;*

Fable 3<sup>th</sup>

## FABLE V.

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*El libro que de suyo es malo, no dexa de serlo porque  
tenga tal qual cosa buena.*

---

## THE SHEPHERD AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF thus spoke a Shepherd swain :

“ What mean this sudden dread, and pain,

“ And horror, pictur’d on thy mien,

“ Whene’er my shaggy form is seen?

“ Believe me, friend, they wrong my fame

“ Who make men startle at my name;

“ Though driven oft from place to place

“ I do not harm, but serve your race.—



“ When winter clouds the skies deform,  
 “ And rains descend, and raves the storm,  
 “ As in my skin your limbs you fold,  
 “ Do I not guard you from the cold?  
 “ Shield from the wind’s all-searching pow’r,  
 “ And save you from the drenching shower?  
 “ The beauteous fair I serve no less  
 “ With many an ornament of dress:—  
 “ As muffs and tippets might declare,  
 “ And other articles they wear.  
 “ Nay, so ingenious authors write,  
 “ A cure I bear ’gainst loss of sight; \*  
 “ And of my teeth, with ivory fraught,  
 “ A thousand pleasing toys are wrought,  
 “ That prove how idle are your fears;  
 “ How great my real worth appears!”—

The swain, who heard his specious tale,  
 Replied, “ Thy arguments are frail:

\* Que contra el mal de ojo, tienen gran virtud  
 Mis Unas.—



“ What boots it, while misdeeds abound,  
“ If some good qualities are found?  
“ I grant you shield me from the cold;  
“ But don’t you often kill my fold,  
“ My poultry—nay, in evil hour  
“ My children would you not devour?  
“ Nay, wert thou prowling for thy food,  
“ Fierce savage, thou wouldst drink my blood!  
“ Sweet woman too! for whom with pride  
“ You say such comforts you provide,  
“ Wouldst thou not seize her as thy prey,  
“ If thoughtless near thy haunts she stray?—

“ Since then, nor age nor sex you spare,  
“ The evil with the good compare.  
“ Then think what praise to you is due,  
“ Whose crimes are many—virtues few.”

Thus knowledge rare, and talents great,  
If misapplied deserve our hate.

No verse, no elegance of style,  
Should virtue of her power beguile;  
Nor Fancy's art, nor Wit refin'd,  
Pervert the bias of the mind.  
He who to vicious thoughts gives scope—  
Had he the harmony of Pope,  
All Thomson's sweetness—Milton's fire—  
Though some his genius may admire,  
From virtuous minds in every nation  
Can merit nought but execration.—  
Shame on the Bard, howe'er sublime,  
Who fosters vice, or sanctions crime;  
Whose wily, but harmonious, lay,  
Leads young morality astray!

## FABLE VI.

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*La perfeccion de una obra consiste en la union de lo útil  
y lo agradable.*

---

## THE GARDENER AND HIS MASTER.

As there are men of many minds,  
 There should be books of many kinds.  
 Some cannot their attention draw  
 To works of history, or law;  
 On books of science fix their thought,  
 Or graver themes with learning fraught:—  
 Others in wit no pleasure take,  
 To novels much objection make;

Conceive romances, stories, plays,  
 Unworthy of a scholar's praise;  
 And think it nought, but waste of time  
 To be amus'd by jingling rhyme.—  
 Thus some for pleasure in a book,  
 And others for instruction look.

To suit all tastes, do what all ask,  
 Is really not an easy task:  
 He who the public would delight,  
 Mirth with improvement should unite,  
 Deck science, rigid to excess,  
 In Fancy's party-coloured dress,  
 And give to dull philosophy  
 An aspect open, gay, and free;  
 His doctrine, with good humour preach,  
 And teach,—yet never seem to teach.—

'Twas in a nobleman's retreat,  
 Laid out with taste, and wondrous neat,  
 With vistas stor'd, and statues rare,  
 The owner's pride, the Gardener's care

A sweet parterre, to nature true,  
 Disclos'd its treasures to the view.  
 Oft on the spot would beauty rove,  
 And pleasure sport, and frolic love.  
 And there, to charm the gazer's sight,  
 A fountain rear'd its liquid height;  
 Whence flow'd a small transparent stream,  
 Where, shelter'd from Apollo's beam,  
 The freckl'd carp, his antics play'd,  
 Disportive in the watry glade!—  
 Here, to produce unnumber'd flowers,  
 And render gay his scented bowers,  
 To give the fragrant lily bloom,  
 And to the moss-rose add perfume,  
 The hind, of no exertion scant,  
 So bath'd each flower, so drench'd each plant,  
 He wasted soon the rippling tide,  
 Through which the fish were wont to glide!

Amaz'd to see the current drain'd,  
 With reason now his Lord complain'd;

For well he knew, though flowers were good,  
 That fish, were most delicious food;  
 And simply said, " My honest friend,  
 " To this injunction pray attend:—  
 " Water your plants—'tis what I wish!—  
 " But do not henceforth kill my fish!"—

At this reproof the conscious hind  
 Felt due compunction in his mind,  
 Determin'd never more to err,  
 Or bathe again the gay parterre!  
 Hence, reft of each reviving show'r,  
 Soon dried the plant!—soon droop'd the flower.  
 The myrtles lost their wonted green,  
 Nor rose, nor lily, more were seen!—

My Lord, who us'd each morn to range,  
 Beheld with grief the sudden change!  
 No woodbine flaunted in his way—  
 No jasmine bloom'd, no spot was gay;  
 But nature wore an aspect drear,  
 As when rude storms deform the year.

- “ Varlet,” (exclaim’d his Lordship,) “ hence  
“ Thou lost to reason and to sense!—  
“ Hast thou no conduct? dost thou strive  
“ My pleasure haunts should never thrive?—  
“ And yet it grieves me to the heart  
“ With an old servant thus to part:  
“ But fled seem all your mental powers—  
“ You kill my fish!—or kill my flowers.



## FABLE VII.

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*No debemos detenernos en quëstiones friboles, olvidando  
el asunto principal.*

---

## THE RABBITS.

YE who important points neglect  
In books, and trivial parts respect;  
In controversy who engage,  
And long on trifles warfare wage;  
Who disregard an author's aim,  
And passages that merit claim;  
Who no intricacies unravel,  
But at a word, or comma, cavil,  
And hours in fierce contention spend  
On subjects that to nothing tend:—

Though to your judgment, and your wit,  
 The young may readily submit;  
 The wise, who no instruction gain,  
 Will think you idly rack your brain,  
 And talents waste, that might conduce  
 To private good and public use.—  
 To those on trifles who debate  
 A trifling fable I'll relate.—

Hard by the margin of a wood,  
 By several savage hounds pursu'd,  
 A Rabbit, sinking with affright,  
 Strove to elude their scent and sight.  
 Away he fled, in full career;  
 When, starting from a thicket near,  
 His comrade cried across the mead,  
 “ Whence all this bustle, all this speed?”  
 “ Oh fatal speed, sad source of pain,  
 “ Two greyhounds chas'd me o'er the plain;  
 “ And down yon hill, without remorse,  
 “ Behold they wind their rapid course!”

“ I view them, friend, but by their yell  
 “ They beagles are, I know them well.”  
 “ Beagles, or greyhounds, this I know,  
 “ They will effect my overthrow:—  
 “ Mark how they bound, with luckless strength,  
 “ I’m sure they’re greyhounds by their length.”  
 “ Poh! poh! they beagles are, I swear,  
 “ Their very voices so declare!”  
 “ No, no—they’re greyhounds.” “ You mistake,  
 “ They beagles are—I know their make!”

At length, so warm the matter rose,  
 From words they almost came to blows;  
 When straight the dogs, then running mute,  
 Kill’d both, and ended the dispute.

## FABLE VIII.

---

*A los que compran libros sólo por la encuadernacion.*

---

## THE SWAIN AND THE HORSE.

THERE are, who books of science buy  
 Merely to gratify the eye;  
 Men whose attention nought engage  
 But letter-press, and title-page,  
 Volumes, in rich Morocco bound,  
 With pictures stor'd, and gilt around,  
 That oft in libraries are spread  
 To be admir'd, but never read.—

For those who money thus bestow  
 I have a fable *à propos*.

'Twas at a merry country fair,  
 Deck'd by his Master's hand with care,  
 A cunning wight, (who gather'd wealth  
 By cheating, artifice, and stealth ;)   
 A horse, most sightly to behold,  
 With pomp brought forward to be sold!—  
 Around him straight the dealers flew—  
 Bright was his bit,—his saddle new,—  
 His clothing swept upon the plain,—  
 And ribands gay adorn'd his mane;  
 In short, his numerous faults to hide,  
 No pains were spar'd, no art untry'd;  
 And so the wily owner's tongue,  
 Vociferous, in his praises rung,  
 That, much convinc'd, they all confest,  
 They ne'er had seen so fine a beast.

Charm'd with th' applause the crowd bestow'd,  
 The care the crafty vender shew'd,—  
 His dress, that greatly pleas'd his eye,  
 A Swain resolv'd the Horse to buy;

And, flush'd with money, in a trice,  
Without a cavil paid the price.—

But note the sequel of my fable!  
Lodg'd safely in the buyer's stable,  
The Hind, removing all disguise,  
Mark'd well his legs, his teeth, his eyes,  
And found him, and it vex'd his mind,  
Splinter'd, decrepid, gall'd, and blind;  
And, to augment his spleen and shame,  
On crossing him—the Horse was lame.—

“ Fool that I was,” (exclaim'd the Swain,  
Boiling with rage, and inward pain,)  
“ To purchase such an arrant beast!  
“ He should have one good point—at least!  
“ But he's so faulty, I confess,  
“ His only value is his dress.—

## FABLE IX.

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*La Naturaleza y el arte han de ayudarse recípro-  
camente.*

---

## THE FLINT, AND THE STEEL.

NATURE and art should help each other;  
 As father, son; as sister, brother:  
 Genius from wisdom aid requires,  
 To guide his pen, and fan his fires;  
 And science pleases most, when join'd,  
 With polish'd manners, taste refin'd.—  
 Thus wit and judgment were by heav'n,  
 Each for the other's succour given;







*C. Jones delin<sup>t</sup>*

*C. Pye sculp<sup>t</sup>*

*Genius from Wisdom, aid requires  
To guide his pen, and fan his fires.*

And long together, void of strife,  
 Should ever dwell, like man and wife.  
 Who then the world would fain delight,  
 With genius learning should unite ;  
 For fancy often fails to gain  
 What she with knowledge might attain.—

Of pride and insolence possest,  
 An angry Flint a Steel addrest :  
 “ How comes it, sir, without my aid,  
 “ That thou, an useless thing, art made?  
 “ For though fair Betty’s hand with skill  
 “ Strike me against thy ribs at will,  
 “ From me alone, to check her ire,  
 “ Proceeds the spark that kindles fire.  
 “ But not to this my power’s confin’d;  
 “ I please the eager sportsman’s mind,  
 “ As through his tube, with deadly aim,  
 “ I speed the shot, that kills the game;  
 “ Whilst thou, forsooth, canst nought produce,  
 “ That tends to toiling mortals use.”—

Awhile the Steel, with inward pain,  
 Allow'd his comrade to complain;  
 But, urg'd to speak, he coolly said:  
 " Since useless you conceive me made,  
 " (No malice bearing at my heart)  
 " Suppose we live awhile apart.  
 " My wishes to the act incline—  
 " You take your course—and I'll take mine."—

Enrag'd, the Flint approv'd the deed;  
 And lo! to part they straight agreed.—

But what will not experience prove!  
 The Flint soon found in vain he strove  
 To charm alone his sporting friend;  
 So deem'd his triumph at an end.  
 And Betty, who no flame could raise,  
 No more was noisy in his praise.—

Thus, conscious of his fault, he mourn'd,  
 And to his injur'd mate return'd,

Whom he discover'd on a shelf,  
As much neglected as himself;  
And having there confess'd with shame,  
How greatly they were both to blame,  
They quell'd their broils with ready art,  
And swore they never more would part.



## FABLE X.

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*Conviene estudiar los autores originales, nó los copiantes  
y malos traductores.*

---

THE STARLING, THE PARROT, AND THE MAGPIE.

'TWAS strutting up a garden walk,  
A Starling heard a Parrot talk,  
And as her talents he admir'd,  
From her instruction straight desir'd;  
Though many a youth of fluent speech  
In vain had tried the bird to teach.

Flatter'd, no doubt, by his request,  
 The modest Parrot fears exprest;  
 But no refusal would he brook,  
 So she the labour undertook.—

The pupil long attention paid,  
 And really some improvement made;  
 Words he could speak with accent true,  
 But these indeed were very few;  
 Yet in his own opinion taught,  
 Elated much a Pie he sought;  
 And that his praise he might repeat,  
 Offer'd the youngster to complete  
 In every branch of education  
 Befitting his exalted station.—  
 Terms settled, straight the Pie was plac'd  
 Beneath his care, who learn'd in haste  
 All that his stammering tutor knew,—  
 Then homeward as proficient flew,  
 As those return from school or college,  
 Who, swerving from the path of knowledge,



Are taught to speak from bad orations,  
And knowledge gain from bad translations,  
Neglecting books that study claim,  
And masters of establish'd fame.

## FABLE XI.

---

*Nunca una obra se acredita tanto de mala, como quando  
la aplauden los necios.*

---

## THE BEAR, THE APE, AND THE HOG.

A BEAR, by whom a trav'ling train  
A scanty pittance used to gain,  
Puff'd up with vanity and pride,  
The art of others would deride,  
And thought, as he had been in France,  
No one like him could skip and dance.

Rous'd by some sprightly notes, he rear'd  
His pond'rous form, nor censure fear'd;

But call'd the Ape, to mark at will,  
 His might, agility, and skill;  
 When lo! the Ape, a sturdy friend,  
 Refus'd his antics to commend.  
 The Bear at this took great offence,  
 And call'd it spleen, and want of sense,  
 Daring him boldly, face to face,  
 To caper with such air and grace;  
 Nay, challeng'd all the lookers on  
 'To do the feats that he had done!

Amaz'd all stood and mute;—at length  
 A servile Hog, who knew his strength,  
 Admir'd his steps, his shape and mien,  
 And swore such skill he ne'er had seen.—

On hearing this, the stately Bear  
 Assum'd a more important air,  
 And raising high his shaggy crest,  
 Aloud the populace addrest.  
 “Sirs, when the surly Ape refus'd  
 “To praise my parts, I own, I mus'd,

“ Lest him more skilful you might deem,  
 “ And me but great, in self esteem ;  
 “ Yet since the Hog—in merit’s cause  
 “ Has honour’d me with his applause,  
 “ His words have fix’d my future fame,  
 “ And dance I will, though fools may blame.”

Ye, who in sense and reason’s spite,  
 To scribble verse will still delight!  
 Deep on each warm poetic breast  
 Be this important rule imprest :  
 If those whom taste, and genius bless,  
 Whose truth, whose learning all confess  
 Your works with judgment should abuse,  
 Or with cool apathy peruse,  
 Mistrust the efforts of your muse.  
 But, if by power or influence aw’d,  
 Fools to feed vanity applaud;  
 To Pindus’ height forbear to soar,  
 And spur your Pegasus no more.

## FABLE XII.

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*A los que se aprovechan de las noticias de ótros, y tienen  
la ingratitud de no citarlos.*

---

## THE SPORTSMAN AND HIS DOG.

So much hath learning's ample hoard  
By various authors been explor'd,  
Scarce any, science who pursue,  
From her can gather aught that's new.  
The richest mind, with learning fraught,  
Thinks as before some thousands thought,  
And rules adopts, that, o'er and o'er,  
Have been adopted oft before ;

For all in nature that was known,  
 To us have ancient authors shewn;  
 And what by chance escap'd their sight,  
 Have modern writers brought to light.—  
 He then, whom in this latter age,  
 Fair science may perchance engage,  
 As the remarks by others made,  
 In every branch afford him aid,  
 In all his writings should disclose  
 The source from whence his knowledge flows,  
 As some apology, at least,  
 For being thus a plagiarist.—  
 But he, who, puff'd with learned pride,  
 The help of others strives to hide;  
 Who steals—but steals with much address,  
 Nor whence he pilfer'd will confess,  
 Howe'er he labour, has no claim  
 To merit, honour, or to fame.

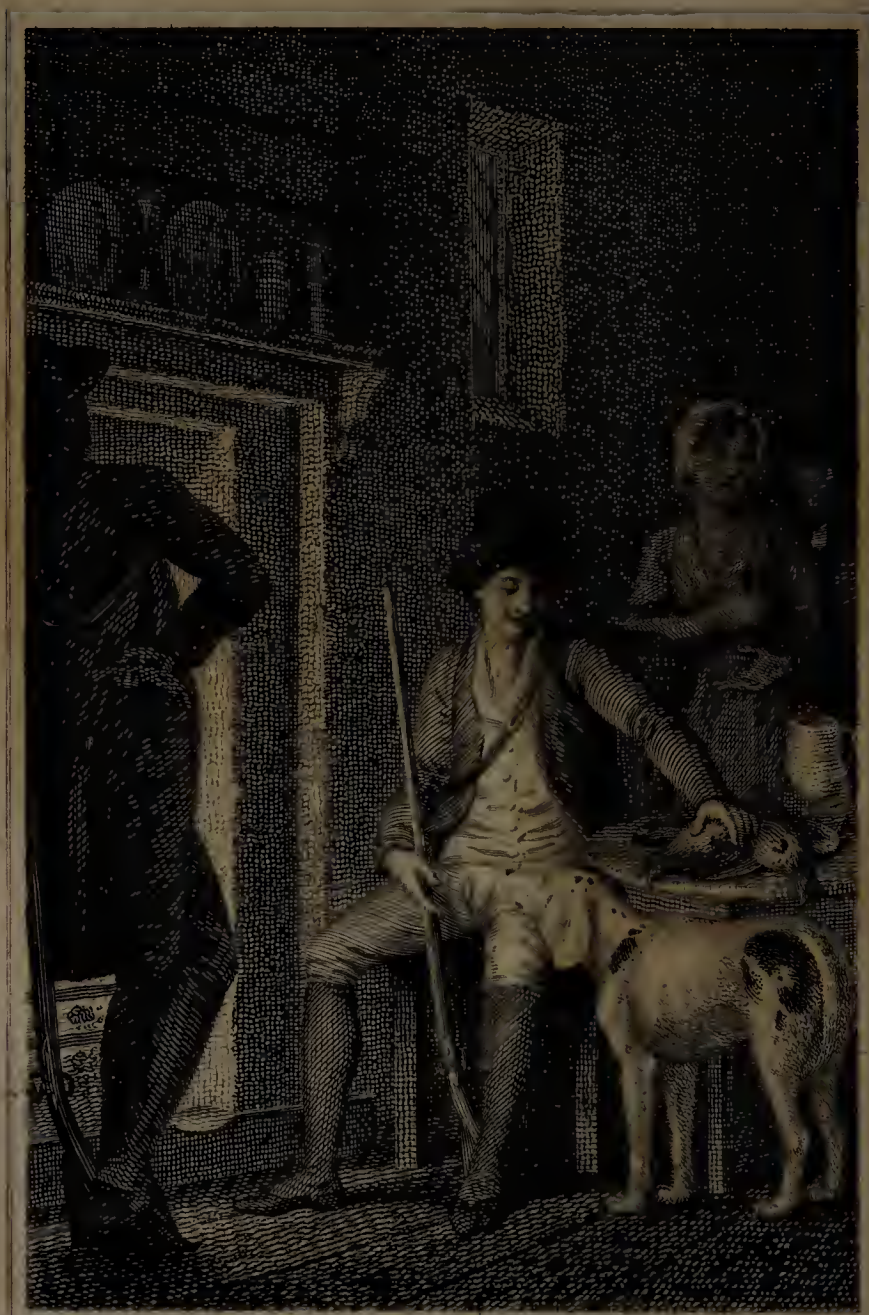
Weary with toil, and charg'd with game,  
 A Sportsman to his cottage came,

Pleas'd as they are, who often roam,  
 To gain that little spot call'd home ;  
 And as around him flock'd his neighbours,  
 To view the profits of his labours,  
 Soon, with a can of ale refresh'd,  
 He thus the list'ning crew addrest.

“ While you in some kind fair one's arms  
 “ Were basking, smitten with her charms,  
 “ I, at the earliest peep of dawn,  
 “ Gaily went forth from lawn to lawn,  
 “ This stubble scour'd, those turnips tried,  
 “ With faithful Sancho by my side ;  
 “ And where the toilsome plough had gone,  
 “ Though stumbling oft, I journey'd on,  
 “ And delv'd through many a thicket rude,  
 “ Resolv'd to kill the feather'd brood.—  
 “ But well my toil has been repaid ;  
 “ Behold ! what havock I have made !  
 “ Partridge, or pheasant, woodcock, hare,  
 “ Nought could escape my aim I swear !







G Jones delin.

C Pyle sculp.

*His faithful Dog: a pointer true.  
Close to his master, humbly drew?*

Fable 32

“ And bets I’ll lay the village round,  
 “ Such game as I, not one has found.”

Thus, as the Squire his triumph sang,  
 (While with his praise the hamlet rang,  
 And many a can of nappy ale  
 Went round, and eke a merry tale,  
 And oft, for so it came to pass,  
 A kiss was stol’n from every lass,)  
 His faithful Dog—a pointer true,  
 Close to his master humbly drew,  
 And placing on his knee his head,  
 Thus to the Squire with meekness said :  
 “ Though I have seen, and joy’d the while,  
 “ That such success has crown’d our toil,  
 “ And heard the applause that you obtain,  
 “ And view’d the numbers fairly slain,  
 “ I own some grief I felt, that I  
 “ So long unnotic’d here should lie !  
 “ For who, sir, sprang this horde of game,  
 “ By killing which you’ve gain’d such fame ;

“ Who labour’d most, with zeal right fervent,

“ You, or your poor neglected servant?

“ ’Tis therefore clear, though much to thee,

“ Some little praise is due to me.”—

Now some would think this meek narration

Deserv’d his Master’s approbation,

And that he really should possess,

Th’ applauding pat,—the warm caress.—

Not so indeed!—the testy Squire,

Straight drove him from the kitchen fire,

With many a kick and cuff austere,

And threats of punishment severe,

Too proud to let a faithful slave,

Partake the fame the village gave.

## FABLE XIII.

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*Nadie pretenda ser tenido por autor sólo con poner un ligero  
prólogo, ò algunas notas à libro ajeno.*

---

## THE IVY AND THE THYME.

OF such as idle dreams inflame,  
Of authorship, and wealth, and fame;  
Who quit their traffic on the 'Change,  
Thro' Fancy's fairy walks to range;  
In poplar shades who verses write,  
When they should invoices indite,  
And, figures in their ledgers scorning,  
Figures apply to noon and morning,



Or let attention be arrested  
 On notes, while bills are oft protested ;  
 Of such, I say, as waste their time  
 In spinning prose, or weaving rhyme ;  
 Who deem themselves, with pride elate,  
 Poets sublime, and critics great,  
 Because in books they may have noted  
 Some trivial faults, by others quoted,  
 Or penn'd a prologue to a play,  
 A sonnet, or a love-sick lay ;  
 To check the arrogance I'll try,  
 Who thus their talents misapply.

I've read, forsooth, I know not where,  
 (That mem'ry's treacherous all declare !)  
 With many a joke, in doggrel rhyme,  
 The Ivy jeer'd the lowly Thyme,  
 Because he seldom rear'd his head,  
 But grew ignobly near a shed :  
 " Friend," said the shrub, " how comes it so ?  
 " Thy thoughts thus groveling are and low ?

“ For though thy humble form can boast  
“ The odours of Arabia’s coast,  
“ Of all the plants that grow around,  
“ Thou art the nearest to the ground.”—  
“ Friend,” said the Thyme, “ to gain the skies  
“ Like thee, I never wish to rise.—  
“ I lead an independent life,  
“ Remote from care, unknown to strife,  
“ Nor from another’s aid profess  
“ To owe the comforts I possess—  
“ But, Oh! how chang’d thy lot to mine  
“ Should that you rest on e’er decline;  
“ If e’er yon rude majestic oak  
“ Should fall beneath the woodman’s stroke,  
“ Or yon stupendous tow’r, thy trust,  
“ Be crumbled into native dust,  
“ Thou, then, must be in ruin laid,  
“ And I be doom’d thy corse to shade.”



## FABLE XIV.

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*Contra dos especies de malos traductores.*

---

## THE SWORD AND THE SPIT.

W<sub>HATE</sub>'ER the cause I'll not debate,  
But few, I ween, can well translate;  
Copyists should poets be, and feel  
Like those whose beauties they reveal.  
Pope in this path such skill has shewn,  
He rendered Homer all his own,  
While stern Achilles' fatal rage,  
Is scarcely heard in Cowper's page:

So Dryden, when compar'd to Pitt,  
 Is dullness, opposite to wit;  
 And, lost in Creech, the fire and grace  
 Of Horace we in Francis trace:—  
 While thus a writer much improves  
 The learned author whom he loves,  
 How many, void of all address,  
 So ill another's thoughts express;  
 So harsh appear, so dull, so crude,  
 As if no tongue they understood!—  
 Read, then, the following fable through,  
 And straight the meaning you will view.

A Sword, in fam'd Toledo wrought,  
 That, temper'd well, had nobly fought  
 In many a broil, and chieftains slain  
 In various skirmishes in Spain,  
 From sire to son that long had pass'd,  
 Was doom'd to feel disgrace at last!  
 Condemn'd (its owner in a jail)  
 To be expos'd to public sale!—

Thus though oft drawn, by Fate's command,  
 By many a firm and doughty hand,  
 It pass'd, by purchase, in a lot,  
 To one its worth who valued not—  
 An honest quaker, mild of mien,  
 With whom it dwelt, for months, unseen;—  
 But, lo! it chanc'd one winter's night,  
 Anxious his kindred to delight,  
 Some game he ordered to be drest,  
 And as his spouse no Spit possess'd,  
 She, without any more ado,  
 Ran with the Sword the lev'ret through,  
 And by a casual stroke of wit  
 The Sword converted to a Spit.

Now while this transmutation pass'd,  
 A new made lord requir'd in haste  
 A Sword, to dangle by his side,  
 And shew at once his rank and pride.  
 The wily cutler, who well knew,  
 'Twas meant alone to strike the view,

And that if fine the hilt were made,  
 The peer would little heed the blade,  
 Begg'd a few days in toil to spend,  
 And he would home the weapon send.—  
 Mean while he search'd his kitchen round,  
 And soon a Spit neglected found,—  
 That straight he polish'd, fil'd, and gilt,  
 And on it plac'd a splendid hilt,  
 And this, well-sheath'd, he sent my lord,  
 And swore, that on a trader's word,  
 In all Toledo's city he  
 A finer Sword would never see!  
 So well he spoke, that in a trice  
 The silly peer paid down the price,  
 Which render'd one as vile a cheat  
 As was the other's folly great.

'Tis thus translators servile wits,  
 Turn Spits to Swords, and Swords to Spits.

## FABLE XV.

---

*Nadie sirve la fama, si no corresponden las obras.*

---

## THE LINNET AND THE SWAN.

FULL many an author gets his name  
Inscrib'd upon the scroll of fame,  
Who boasts no energy of mind,  
Or talents of superior kind,  
Yet rises, as it were, by stealth,  
To notice, dignity, and wealth:  
And some of learning make a show,  
Who, when examin'd, nothing know.

But time to those, who toil or write,  
 Though slow, at length sets matters right,  
 Strips pride of its fictitious merit,  
 And gives it what it should inherit;  
 And though awhile may folly shine—  
 This bard be scorn'd,—that deem'd divine—  
 That upright judge, Posterity,  
 Passes on all his stern decree;  
 This author raises to renown,  
 That from his summit tumbles down;  
 This, long unknown, to fame commends,  
 And that to deep oblivion sends:—  
 Thus is a poet's praise a breath  
 Unless continued after death!—

“ Cease, paltry bird, from spray to spray  
 “ To hop, and pour thy tedious lay,  
 “ For should I deign to swell my throat,  
 “ And shew my melody of note,  
 “ No fowl there is that wings the air  
 “ With me in compass could compare! ”

Thus rail'd a Swan, beneath a willow,  
 That over hung her rushy pillow,  
 From whence a Linnet every noon  
 The world enchanted with a tune;  
 Yet still the warbler took delight  
 To sing, as if in her despite,  
 Resembling those who ne'er refrain  
 To do what gives another pain.  
 At this the Cygnet took offence,  
 And swore he wanted common sense;  
 Called him conceited, proud, and vain,  
 That he should thus prolong his strain,  
 Knowing if she her pipe should raise  
 No soul would listen to his lays.

The Linnet paus'd—then laughing loud,  
 “ I beg (he said) you'll charm the crowd,  
 “ For, to confess a truth, I've heard  
 “ Your melting strains have been preferr'd  
 “ To any songsters of the throng  
 “ That rove these willow'd haunts among.



“ But as I ne’er have heard your lay,  
“ I would my willing homage pay,  
“ And should delight to find it true,  
“ And give you praise, if praise be due! ”—

Lo! flatter’d by this candid speech,  
The Swan began so loud to screech,  
That off, in haste, the Linnet flew,  
And bade his boasting friend adieu!

## FABLE XVI.

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*Nadie crea saber tanto, que no tenga más que aprender.*

---

## THE SPARROW AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

THO' wond'rous great is learning's store,  
 Labour each day adds something more;  
 Science, rejoic'd, her hoard may view,  
 Yet time to her brings something new;  
 Nor is there one whose ample mind,  
 Howe'er enlarg'd,—howe'er refin'd,—  
 Tho' toil and knowledge gifts impart—  
 Can perfect any work of art.

Yet some, in their own judgment wise,  
As they advance in life, despise  
Those, who their minds presume to teach,  
Conceiving nought above their reach!  
While they to learning ne'er apply,  
But blockheads live and blockheads die.—

Ye then who pant for useful knowledge,  
In war, on travel, or at college,  
Oh! never, through excess of pride,  
Presume instruction to deride—  
Children and fools may teachers spurn,  
But wisdom's ne'er too old to learn.—

As once an organ's sprightly sound,  
Delighted all the village round,  
A Nightingale, that charm'd the plain,  
Follow'd, well pleas'd, the dulcet strain,  
“ And as the warbler pour'd her throat  
“ Responsive to the minstrel's note,”

A Sparrow, who had heard the lay,  
 Attentive on her osier spray,  
 Her rude impervious haunts among,  
 Thus criticized th' enchantress' song.

“ It moves my wonder and surprise  
 “ That you, a bird so learn'd and wise,  
 “ Who far more qualities can boast  
 “ Than any of the feathered host,  
 “ Should deign a lesson to receive  
 “ From one to whom you knowledge give;  
 “ For all that tasteful melody  
 “ Yon minstrel makes—he learnt from thee;  
 “ From thee, whose strains the live-long night  
 “ Pale melancholy oft delight.”—

To whom, devoid of empty pride,  
 The tuneful Nightingale replied:—  
 “ Good friend, if to my wood notes clear  
 “ Man lends a due observant ear,

“ Or marks a turn, or steals a grace,  
“ His talents soon the loss replace;  
“ For as, enamour’d of my lays,  
“ Attention to my notes he pays,  
“ Observes the changes in my strain,  
“ Improv’d I hear them sung again,  
“ And find, corrected by his art,  
“ Superior transport they impart:—  
“ And soon, by music taught, I’ll prove  
“ To all the songsters of the grove,  
“ No bird unskill’d, however fine,  
“ Shall boast so sweet a lay as mine.”

## FABLE XVII.

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*La variedad es requisito indispensable en las obras de gusto.*

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## THE BEE AND THE CUCKOW.

Lo! from her hive a Bee appear'd,  
Who oft the Cuckow's note had heard,  
And thus the vagrant bird addrest:  
" I bless the hour you go to rest;  
" For nought, throughout the live-long day,  
" But cuckow, cuckow, dost thou say;  
" All other birds that love to range,  
" Save thee, their melody can change."

Enrag'd the Cuckow straight replied,  
 " To mar thy spleen, to check thy pride;  
 " Pray is thy comb, whence thousands throng,  
 " A jot more varied than my song?"—  
 " Good friend," exclaim'd the toilsome Bee,  
 " In works of much utility  
 " We wish no change, pleas'd are we seen  
 " With nature, as with a machine.  
 " But in those things that charm the sight,  
 " Enchant the heart, the ear delight,  
 " If sameness reigns, the mind grows tir'd,  
 " And soon we blame what we admir'd."

Hence he who long would entertain  
 Should oft essay to change his strain;  
 Vary the numbers of his lay,  
 Now grave appear, now blithe and gay;  
 Suiting his muse, for ever chaste,  
 With skill, to every reader's taste;  
 As painters, their effect to aid,  
 Adroitly mingle light and shade;



Colours of different tints apply  
To make the picture charm the eye.

But if on grave pursuits the mind  
Is fix'd—their end to form mankind;  
Arts or philosophy the theme,  
Or law—that more abstruse we deem;  
Though pure and elegant the while  
Should ever be the writer's style;  
With splendid diction we dispense,  
Pleas'd with plain truth and solid sense.

## FABLE XVIII.

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*Hai malos escritores que se lisongéan fácilmente de lograr fama póstuma, quando no han podido merecerla en vida.*

---

## THE HORSE AND THE GOAT.

WHEN authors fail to gain applause,  
 They deem the public taste the cause;  
 Or to coëval bards no less,  
 Attribute oft their ill success:—  
 The world, they say, to merit's blind,  
 And thus excuse for errors find:—  
 But men of real genius own  
 It is an observation known,

And long admitted, terse and true,  
 (Except in cases very few,)

Posterity, that truth obeys,  
 Only re-echoes back the praise  
 Or censure of the present time,  
 On authors or in prose or rhyme ;  
 And that the merit or the blame  
 Attaching to a poet's name  
 When dead,—most frequently accords,  
 (Though some may cavil about words,)

E'en with the character he had  
 When living, be it good or bad.—  
 Thus it is folly to conceive  
 Posterity renown will give  
 To works, that in the present age  
 Nor fame nor notice could engage.

Beneath a spreading beech reclin'd,  
 To charm a simple village hind,  
 A fiddler play'd a sprightly strain,  
 That echo bore across the plain.—

Struck with the viol's lively sound,  
 The Goat in transport leap'd around,  
 And capering, wild, with bosom gay,  
 Thus jeer'd the Horse, who near him lay:—

“ My honest friend, why thus supine?  
 “ Dost thou not hear those strains divine?  
 “ Though little thee they interest,  
 “ They yield great pleasure to my breast:  
 “ For know, devoid of pompous words,  
 “ 'Those strings, whence flow such sweet accords,  
 “ And pour such music o'er the glade,  
 “ Were from a comrade's bowels made;  
 “ A gentle goat, that full of glee  
 “ Once laugh'd, and sung, and danc'd like me  
 “ And, haply, when this vital breath  
 “ Shall leave me, and I sink in death,  
 “ E'en from my entrails human art  
 “ Shall make what music shall impart.”

The Horse recover'd from his toil,  
 Rear'd high his head, and, with a smile,

Address the Goat. “ In truth, my friend,  
“ Did I not great assistance lend,  
“ Those artless strains you thus approve  
“ Had ne’er been heard to charm the grove;  
“ Nor thou hadst prais’d; but that the hair  
“ Torn from my flowing mane, with care,  
“ By cruel man, who mocks the pain  
“ And all the labour I sustain,  
“ Is mov’d thy twisted guts along,  
“ And hence that melody of song.—  
“ But it compensates for my woe,  
“ And makes me really blest to know,  
“ In all conditions while I live,  
“ To man such pleasure I can give;  
“ For Music’s soul-bewitching power  
“ Soothes every ill, in every hour.  
“ Now though, my friend, we both unite  
“ To give the ravish’d ear delight,  
“ The diff’rence in one point is made,  
“ I please when living—you when dead!”

## FABLE XIX.

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*Descubrimiento útil para los que fundan su ciencia únicamente en saber muchos títulos de libros.*

---

## THE MERCHANT AND HIS BOOKS.

MANY amass large stores of knowledge,  
 Who ne'er have worn a gown at college;  
 For wit and science may be gain'd,  
 And much instruction oft attain'd  
 At home, if good our native powers,  
 As in fam'd Granta's classic bowers:—  
 Learning's acquir'd by application,  
 In every age, in every station;

Without it, books as useless are  
 To men—as trinkets to the fair.—  
 Yet many, folly to surprise,  
 Their titles learn, and pass for wise;  
 Of Bacon talk, and Locke, and Boyle,  
 Best skill'd in Phillidor and Hoyle;  
 This bard condemn, that call divine,  
 Of whom they ne'er perus'd a line;  
 Yet quick and noisy in th' extreme,  
 Appear deep read, and learned seem,  
 And books collect to get a name,  
 As dolts buy pictures for the frame.

There liv'd, I think it was in Spain,  
 A Merchant, ignorant and vain,  
 Who having much increas'd his wealth  
 By toil, extortion, and by stealth,  
 Adorn'd his mansion, known to fame,  
 With every thing his thoughts could frame,  
 Costly and rich:—that might the sight  
 Of blockheads, like himself, delight.



It chanc'd while viewing it, a friend  
 Who lov'd to flatter and commend,—  
 Declar'd there wanted, to complete  
 The gay magnificent retreat,  
 A spacious room, and set apart  
 For Books, and instruments of art.—  
 He spoke ; a library was plann'd  
 And fitted up, at his command ;  
 And, some large catalogues inspecting,  
 The Merchant straight began collecting ;  
 But soon he found, (and to his cost!)  
 The work was only labour lost.—

“ What! Books collect, from every clime,  
 “ In every style, gay, terse, sublime,  
 “ Poets, historians, old and new ;—  
 “ 'Twill take an age, at least, to do :—  
 “ A thought occurs, I'll seek a blade,  
 “ And have the Books of walnut made ;  
 “ Some back'd with vellum, some with calf—  
 “ And with Morocco full one half ;

“ The rest, and uniform together,  
 “ Shall be well bound in Russia leather :  
 “ And should they men of sense mislead,  
 “ E’en let them elsewhere go and read.”

The friend, the dolt who understood,  
 Cried, “ Bravo, Tom, the thought is good ;  
 “ You then have only to discern  
 “ Their stations, and their titles learn,  
 “ To be by some reputed wise ;  
 “ And if all study you despise,  
 “ Your Books, at least, will please your eyes.” }

## FABLE XX.

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*Nadie emprenda obra superior à sus fuerzas.*

---

## THE DOG AND THE MULE.

HORACE, who was a learned wight,  
 Thus hath admonish'd those who write:  
 " Ere you pervade the Muses' bowers,  
 " Fairly consult your mental powers;  
 " Weigh well your strength, your pinions try,  
 " Lest you should falter as you fly;  
 " And, like Apollo's son of yore,  
 " Should fall, alas! to rise no more."

Precepts like these let all regard  
 Who court the honours of a bard;  
 And burning with poetic zeal,  
 Conceive it genius that they feel:  
 Many mistake mere inclination,  
 For talents, pathos, inspiration,  
 And flush'd in thought, with Milton's fire,  
 Presume to strike the sacred lyre:—  
 All such beware, lest thirst of fame  
 Consign ye to eternal shame!—

A patient Dog, of terrier kind,  
 To whom the labour was assign'd  
 To whirl a massy rude machine,  
 At inns and convents often seen;  
 That fashion'd by no common wit,  
 Gave its due motion to a spit—  
 Weary, at length, and much in pain,  
 Was heard to murmur and complain:  
 “ Surely,” said he, “ no beast's decreed  
 “ To lead the life that here I lead!

“ From morn till noon, from noon to eve,  
“ Am I compell’d to sweat and grieve;  
“ And game and other dainties roast,  
“ Yet few, alas! my talents boast:  
“ For though to me men comforts owe,  
“ But little do they e’er bestow,  
“ Save the mere bones, and wings, and feet  
“ Of all the luxuries they eat:  
“ But I no longer here will tarry  
“ To be controul’d by Moll or Harry;  
“ But seek another service, where  
“ I may avoid such toil and care,  
“ And straight will search the village round  
“ If such a service can be found.”

He said; away the Terrier flew,  
And to his master bade adieu.

But scarcely had he gone a mile  
When, lo! he saw, oppress’d by toil,  
A Mule, whose task, it so befell,  
Was to draw water from a well.—

Struck with the pain he seem'd to feel,  
 On seeing him within the wheel,  
 The Dog exclaim'd: " Though now I'm free,  
 " My honest friend, I pity thee;  
 " For thou art doom'd a spit to turn,  
 " As I was once for hours forlorn."

" Mongrel," return'd he, striking awe,  
 " I turn no spit, but water draw;  
 " And if you've nothing else to do,  
 " You may weigh up a bucket too."

The Dog, who from his youth possest  
 Much vanity within his breast,  
 Coolly replied: " Though slightly made,  
 " I'll not refuse to give thee aid;  
 " For beasts, like mortals, should by nature  
 " Ever assist a fellow creature."  
 So stopp'd the wheel, as if by rule,  
 In leap'd the Dog, and out the Mule.—  
 Then, and then only, with surprise,  
 He saw the bucket's pond'rous size;

And straight to turn the wheel he strove,  
But not an atom would it move;  
Yet still he trod from side to side,  
Strain'd every nerve, each effort tried;  
Muttering, though motionless the frame,  
“ If great the labour, great's the fame.”

The Mule, at length, who saw with pain  
The braggart toil, yet toil in vain,  
Said:—“ Quit the wheel, officious friend,  
“ And to my counsel pray attend :  
“ When next you leave your native home,  
“ On idle projects bent to roam,  
“ Never through vanity engage  
“ In works above your strength or age ;  
“ Lest you again should play the fool,  
“ And be the butt of ridicule.”



## FABLE XXI.

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*Al que trabaja algo, puede disimulársele que lo pregone :  
el que nada hace, debe callar.*

---

## THE FROG AND THE HEN.

HE that to learning's ample store  
By toil hath added something more;  
Through deep research set error right,  
And brought obscurities to light;  
By various useful works improv'd  
His country's arts, the land he lov'd;  
Enlarg'd the bounds of human wit  
By erudition, all admit

May be allow'd applause to claim,  
 And add distinction to his name;  
 But when to ignorance allied  
 Is self importance, spleen or pride;  
 When authors shew a pompous spirit,  
 Who nought have written praise to merit;  
 Then vanity, so ill directed,  
 Demands our censure when detected:  
 For what we pardon in the wise,  
 In vice and folly we despise.

Once from his osier mantled fen  
 A Frog addrest a cackling Hen:  
 " Though much thy mistress may rejoice  
 " To hear thy shrill discordant voice;  
 " I wish this clamour thou wouldst cease,  
 " And let me, partlet, live in peace;  
 " For as I quit my daily labour,  
 " I find thee, friend, an irksome neighbour;  
 " Hour after hour, with hateful note,  
 " Unwearied, dost thou swell thy throat,

“ Merely to tell the blooming maid,  
 “ That thou, forsooth, an egg hast laid:  
 “ A simple egg, that scarcely any  
 “ Would purchase at a single penny.”

“ Good sir,” enrag’d, the Hen reply’d,  
 “ Pray check this insolence and pride;  
 “ Who makes, though faults in me you see,  
 “ The greatest clamour—you or me?  
 “ Your croaking through the live-long night,  
 “ Annoy the old, the young affright;  
 “ Yet never was I heard complain  
 “ Of thy discordant useless strain.  
 “ But mark the diff’rence that between  
 “ Yourself and me is to be seen,  
 “ When I the village silence break,  
 “ I say to man, thy succour take;  
 “ But you, to whom no powers belong  
 “ To comfort him, should hold your tongue.”

## FABLE XXII.

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*Hai correctores de obras ajenas, que añaden mas errores  
de los que corrigen.*

---

## THE HOUSEWIFE AND THE BROOM.

'Tis said that commentators view  
In authors, more than authors knew;  
And hence, on works in every nation;  
Much time is spent in illustration.  
No bard so mean our brains to pother,  
But some enlighten'd elf or other  
With pomp, or Greek, or Latin quotes,  
And crams his flimsy book with notes.

On Shakspeare, nature's darling wight,  
 To bring things little known to light,  
 What care, what labour has been shewn  
 By Theobald, Johnson, and Malone.  
 Yet many, by their toil perplex'd,  
 Conceive no comment needs the text;  
 And that, with skill they oft discern  
 What honest Will could never learn.

To those who vast digressions make,  
 And write as 't were for writing's sake;  
 Who strive obscurities to clear,  
 Yet make what's dark more dark appear;  
 With reverence due to critics great,  
 A trivial Fable I'll relate.—

Dolly, a buxom cleanly dame,  
 Old Hodge, the farmer's honest flame,  
 To scrub her cot from morn to night,  
 Unbid, unceasing, took delight.







G. Jones delin<sup>r</sup>.

C. Pye sculp<sup>r</sup>.

*Plague on Thee, said the homely quean,  
At every brush, thou leav'st a stain.*

Fable 22.



But, lo! one day the thrifty lass  
(Though by mischance it came to pass,)  
Her fingers laid upon a Broom,  
Dirty and old, to sweep her room;  
So craz'd by age, so worn by use,  
It fail'd its office to produce;  
And as she swept, to vex her mind,  
She found it left more dirt behind:  
"Plague, on thee," said the homely quean,  
"At every brush thou leav'st a stain;  
" 'Twere better I should cease to toil,  
" Than with thy stump my cottage soil;  
" For where one sprig defil'd my floor,  
" Lo! thou hast added twenty more!"

## FABLE XXIII.

---

*Sin claridad no hai obra buena.*

---

## THE APE AND THE JUGGLER.

It is a point confest, and sure  
No work has merit that's obscure;  
Old Horace said so long ago,  
And what he says is right we know.  
Yet men of genius, most of all,  
Into this flagrant error fall;  
They think, because well skill'd in learning,  
Others should be, like them, discerning,

By intuition understand  
 The object in their writings plann'd;  
 And what men cannot well conceive,  
 Though unexplain'd, they should believe.

Now while the maxim we admit,  
 That brevity's the soul of wit,  
 That trifles penn'd in whim and sport  
 May pithy be, and terse, and short;  
 Yet he to whom the task's assign'd  
 To polish and instruct mankind,  
 In all his writings should be clear,  
 Nor let obscurity appear.

An Ape, who with a Juggler liv'd,  
 And learnt the means by which he thriv'd,  
 In numerous quirks, and tricks, and lies,  
 "By long experience, render'd wise,"  
 Begg'd (as far distant from his home  
 His master was) his friends to come;

And all the learned folks he knew,  
His various attitudes to view.

He then pretended first to die!  
Then as a Mercury to fly!  
Then tried to dance upon a cord,  
Then poise a feather, then a sword;  
And many a shilling next he pass'd  
From box to box, with dext'rous haste,  
And slipp'd a card from hand to hand,  
And made things totter at command.

This having done, though none knew how,  
Yet well they thought them done, I trow:  
“ My friends,” said he, “ to charm ye more  
“ Than ever I have charm'd before,  
“ I will attempt what hath delighted  
“ Many, my master who requited  
“ With gold and precious things;—I mean  
“ To shew a magic lanthorn scene.”

This saying, silence he requested,  
 And straight their wavering thoughts arrested,  
 By an exordium and grimaces,  
 As is the custom in such cases;—  
 And, as the figures forth with ease  
 He drew, each gazing eye to please;  
 Their several characters around,  
 He ventur'd boldly to expound.

And now, to shew the tricks he play'd,  
 Dark was the chamber quickly made;  
 And loudly then he talk'd by rote,  
 (As men who often authors quote)  
 Of scenes that soon would come to pass,  
 And figures painted well on glass;  
 Yet to the gaping crowd who heard,  
 No single miracle appear'd.

At this, anon, much murmuring rose,  
 As you may very well suppose;  
 Some swore, as common is the saying,  
 That he with them the fool was playing;

And if he more perplex'd their brains,  
He'd get a drubbing for his pains:—  
Yet still he talk'd, and talk'd with glee,  
Of shadows not a soul could see.

Thus jeer'd, they all had damn'd his fame,  
When home, unseen, the Juggler came;  
And though surpris'd to hear such riot,  
Soon learn'd the cause of their disquiet;  
And to the lanthorn giving light,  
Remov'd the shade, and all went right.

## FABLE XXIV.

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*Algunos empléan en obras frívolas tanto afan como ótros  
en las importantes.*

---

## THE SQUIRREL AND THE HORSE.

WHILE some, with genius blest, produce  
By care and labour works of use,  
That long the reader's thoughts engage,  
And live to charm a distant age:—  
Others, devoid of sense and taste,  
With equal zeal the minutes waste,  
And time and talents misapply  
On works of no utility;—



Trifles, like flow'rs, that greet the day,  
 And then, neglected, die away:—  
 Forgetful of this maxim trite,  
 That all should bear in mind who write;  
 He to no end who racks his brains,  
 Deserves but laughter for his pains.

Frisking one morn from tree to tree,  
 At ease, in perfect liberty,  
 A Squirrel saw a manag'd Horse  
 Impetuous bound along the course,  
 And while, to shew the rider's skill,  
 He gallop'd, rear'd, and leap'd at will;  
 Pertly, and insolent indeed,  
 The Squirrel thus addrest the Steed:—

“ Though much, my friend, the gaping throng  
 “ Admire thy motions firm and strong;  
 “ These wond'rous efforts in my eyes  
 “ Create nor transport nor surprise;  
 “ For I alike can jump with ease,  
 “ And run, and caper, if I please;

“ Spring o’er the brook that bubbling flows,  
“ For few my antics can oppose :—  
“ We Squirrels scorn to be control’d,  
“ And are, by nature, brisk and bold.”

To whom, by anger much inflam’d,  
Aptly the prancing Horse exclaim’d :  
“ Though all the village train confess  
“ You jump and caper with address ;  
“ I fain would know, my honest friend,  
“ To what these freaks and follies tend ?  
“ ’Tis true I often scour the plain,  
“ But never do I toil in vain ;  
“ My master, by my speed and might  
“ Gains health, and treasure, and delight ;  
“ And who’d refuse to labour hard,  
“ When labour brings its own reward ?”

## FABLE XXV.

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*Las portadas ostentosas de los libros engañan mucho.*

---

## THE TRAVELLERS.

As many pass their youth at college,  
And yet acquire but little knowledge;  
So by the studious 'tis discern'd,  
Not all who books possess are learn'd.  
Collectors, sway'd by pride, indeed,  
Oft purchase what they seldom read;  
Hence is this adage trite fulfill'd,  
“ Wise men enjoy what idiots build.”

Now this remark on readers made,  
 Might, and with equal force, be laid  
 On those who from the press bring forth  
 Their pond'rous works of little worth;  
 In which, though notes and plates abound,  
 No entertainment can be found;  
 Whose type and paper strike the sight,  
 Yet give the student no delight;  
 Compell'd with aching eye to pore  
 O'er themes developed oft before.

The *fronti nulla fides* then  
 Applies to books as well as men,  
 And specious titles, oft we find,  
 With disappointment fill the mind;  
 Folios there are of matter full,  
 Crabbed in style, prolix and dull;  
 While *vade mecums*, small but neat,  
 With useful knowledge more replete,  
 Delight the heart, as ably writ  
 With solid sense, and harmless wit.

In search of science, far from home,  
Two gallant Youths resolv'd to roam;  
Joyous, from town to town they stray'd,  
This spot admir'd, that scene survey'd,  
Till weary grown, by hunger prest,  
They sought an inn to sup and rest.  
A while a lowly village round  
They pac'd, but no asylum found.  
Disclosing then their rank and name,  
Two gentlemen obsequious came,  
And offer'd each, in terms polite,  
A habitation for the night;  
Which readily embrac'd, content  
Each homeward with his patron went.

Lo! to a mansion one retir'd,  
Whose outward structure he admir'd;  
Rich turrets rear'd on every side,  
And battlements of ancient pride;  
And numerous vassals rob'd in state,  
Bespoke the owner rich and great.

The other to a cot withdrew,  
 Lowly, but pleasing to the view;  
 Nothing without was gorgeous seen,  
 But all was neat and clean within:  
 And though its owner was no lord,  
 Some catés luxurious deck'd his board:—  
 And having pass'd some hours in chat,  
 This topic scann'd, exhausted that,  
 The jolly host, now flush'd his nose,  
 Reel'd with his guest to sweet repose.

But in the mansion, strange to tell,  
 Meanness and pomp were seen to dwell;  
 Sad was the hungry pilgrim's fare,  
 Yet serv'd with ceremonious air;  
 The chamber, filthy to behold,  
 Ill mantled, comfortless, and cold;  
 And while to usher him to bed  
 Three half-starv'd knaves their master led,  
 The Trav'ler wish'd his host less vain,  
 And more secure his room from rain.

Anon, as broke the blushing dawn,  
The Travellers met upon a lawn,  
Blithesome the one arose, refresh'd,  
Good was his fare and sweet his rest.  
The other jaded, vex'd, declar'd  
Nor food, nor slumber, had he shar'd;  
For where he lodg'd, all was deceit,  
Though in exterior so complete.



## FABLE XXVI.

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*No basta que sea buena la materia de un escrito ; es menester que tambien lo sea el modo de tratarla.*

---

## THE JEWELLER AND THE LACE-MAKER.

**A**UTHORS there are who write by rule,  
 Bred in the Della Crusca school,  
 Who in disclosing what they know  
 On diction all their art bestow,  
 And putting judgment out of sight,  
 In type and metaphor delight;  
 Truth's power, say they, none will confess,  
 If cloth'd not in a splendid dress,

Nor solid reasoning understand  
 Unless a simile, at hand,  
 Follow each thought, with comment fit,  
 In all the vain parade of wit.  
 Now though all writings, we agree,  
 From coarse expressions should be free,  
 That those in fancy's loom who toil  
 Should ever pay regard to style;  
 Yet, as in Pope the words you read,  
 Sound arguments no tinsel need,  
 And truth, like beauty, 'tis confest,  
 Most pleases when not over drest.

In cottage neat, of lowly race,  
 Liv'd one who fabricated lace,  
 And near her, miserly and old,  
 A tradesman dwelt who work'd in gold.  
 " Dame," quoth the Jeweller one day,  
 " 'Tis strange to me that folks should pay  
 " Such prices for thy lace per ell,  
 " Whilst I so ill my fringes sell,

“ Though by the village train ’tis said,  
“ Gold is more precious deem’d than thread.”

To whom the dame, “ My friend, you’ll find  
“ To different views are men inclin’d;  
“ Some in those articles delight,  
“ That taste and elegance unite,  
“ While others, fond of pomp and shew,  
“ On finery their thoughts bestow;  
“ Now if the lovely fair incline  
“ My works to value more than thine,  
“ Though I acknowledge it is said  
“ Gold is more precious deem’d than thread,  
“ From this the preference may arise,  
“ Some neatness more than splendour prize,  
“ And hence, my laces more admire,  
“ Than all thy gold and silver wire.”

## FABLE XXVII.

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*Hai casos en que es necessaria la crítica severa.*

---

## THE AUTHOR AND THE RAT.

AMID the bestial herd we find  
 Some so perverse, so gross of mind,  
 That force and harshness they require  
 To mould them to our hearts desire;  
 With whom, that object to attain,  
 Good treatment would be used in vain.

So are there writers, base at heart,  
 Who love false doctrines to impart,

And though acknowledg'd in the wrong,  
 Still labour to mislead the throng;  
 Resolv'd, alas! in truth's despite,  
 Though check'd by reason's voice, to write.  
 To silence those, who thus despise  
 The counsel of the good and wise,  
 And self illumin'd, study hard  
 To make men virtue disregard,  
 Critics should rigorous means pursue,  
 Their spleen and folly to subdue;  
 Dart Satire's shaft without controul,  
 And sting them to the very soul,  
 As able surgeons, it is found,  
 Must oft cut deep to heal a wound.  
 If, therefore, 'tis a maxim clear,  
 Critics with fools should be severe,  
 To crush the views of wicked men,  
 In poison they should dip their pen.

Once in an Author's cot obscure,  
 There dwelt a Rat, courageous, poor,

Who, wanting more substantial food,  
 Eat verse and prose, both bad and good;  
 In vain grimalkin shew'd her skill,  
 This bold marauding wight to kill;  
 In vain were traps ingenious made,  
 And arsenic in rich sauces laid;  
 The cunning varlet, all declare,  
 Eluded every art and snare.

“ Oh! lot disastrous, sad, severe,”  
 Exclaim'd the bard, and shed a tear,  
 “ Sure nought can equal my disgrace,  
 “ To labour for a thieving race:  
 “ I'll elsewhere my productions write,  
 “ And leave nought here but paper white:  
 “ Perchance, if I my toil should cease,  
 “ This plague may leave my house in peace,  
 “ For poetry's a kind of diet,  
 “ On which Rats love to feast in quiet.”  
 His home, 'tis said, he left anon,  
 But found at eve his paper gone.

“ A murrain on thee,” said the poet,  
“ I’ll harm thee, faith, and thou shalt know it:  
“ Of means most fatal, let me think,  
“ I’ll drug with poisonous drops my ink.”  
He did so, wrote with conscious pride,  
The Rat, as usual, eat and died.



## FABLE XXVIII.

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*Suelen ciertos autores sentar como principios infalibles del arte aquello mismo que ellos practican.*

---

## THE COCK, THE HOG, AND THE LAMB.

WHEN first, by love of glory fir'd,  
 And by the Muses' train inspir'd,  
 The youthful bard, to get a name,  
 Starts forward for the meed of fame,  
 Oft, of his judgment over nice,  
 He flies to others for advice,  
 And humbly every critic sues,  
 To note the errors of his muse.

Lo! in idea faults discerning,  
 Each strives to shew his wit and learning,  
 Curtails, expunges, adds in haste  
 What suits his whim, or hits his taste,  
 While the young writer sorely vex'd,  
 So by opinion is perplex'd,  
 Scarce knows he whose remarks to prize,  
 Or whose to follow or despise.

They then, to make their works complete,  
 Who ask advice of all they meet,  
 Will find, since all to wit pretend,  
 Their labour fruitless in the end;  
 For men are apt, conceited elves,  
 To counsel as they act themselves.

Beside a merchant's country seat  
 There was a farm yard most complete,  
 With poultry stor'd, and pigs, and kine,  
 And suckling calves exceeding fine.

One morn, at ease, with vacant mind,  
 A Lamb, a Cock, and Hog reclined;  
 For in the country, bad the weather,  
 Such animals oft herd' together,  
 And as the Lamb proposed a walk,  
 The Hog began e'en thus to talk:—

“ Ye gods, 'tis transport, sure indeed,  
 “ A life of indolence to lead!  
 “ Let fools ascend the mountain's steep,  
 “ To me there's nought so sweet as sleep,  
 “ A nap, I think, when full of food,  
 “ Is all below that's great and good,  
 “ It lulls all care, soothes anger's rage,  
 “ Is joy in youth, and bliss in age,  
 “ And wouldst thou real comfort prove,  
 “ Sleep on, my friend, nor wish to rove.”

The Cock at this with spirit rose,  
 And 'gan his doctrine to oppose—

“ Trust me,” said he, “ ingenuous youth,  
“ Such words not founded are in truth;  
“ When my shrill clarion fills the skies,  
“ ’Tis fitting, comrade, thou shouldst rise;  
“ For industry’s the road to wealth,  
“ And bright renown, and rosy health:  
“ How sweet, to range the fragrant heath  
“ Gemm’d with the dew, and taste the breath  
“ Of Zephyr, while Aurora’s ray  
“ Bids Flora all her sweets display;  
“ To hear the wakeful lark on high  
“ Warble his grateful melody!  
“ But too much sleep, my friend, we find  
“ Debilitates the frame and mind,  
“ Unstrings the nerves, and by degrees  
“ Brings sloth, and penury, and disease;  
“ Nips beauty in its vernal bloom,  
“ And manhood hurries to the tomb.”

## FABLE XXIX.

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*No ha de considerarse en un autor la edad, sinó el talento.*

---

## THE CHICKEN AND THE COCK.

WHEN men engage in disputation  
 On matters that concern the nation,  
 If argument and learning fail  
 O'er their opponents to prevail,  
 They fret and cavil out of reason,  
 And talk of jacobins and treason;  
 Or, ending feuds with language big,  
 Swear there's no reasoning with a whig.

Thus many authors spleen disclose,  
If men their doctrine dare oppose,  
And not for fame, but truth austere  
Dispute on faults in terms severe;  
Should conquest on their rivals wait,  
Enrag'd they cavil at their state,  
Deem them presuming, vain, if young,  
To argue thus with flippant tongue,  
Or say, 'tis folly to engage  
With dotards if advanc'd in age;  
Forgetful should good sense abound,  
It matters nought with whom 'tis found  
That science full as sweet appears  
In youth, as in declining years.

A Cock who often was control'd,  
Though querulous ever; by the bold,  
Was, through his insolence, one day,  
Inveigled in a bloody fray,  
And by a Chicken, strange to tell,  
To his disgrace, was beaten well.



This brilliant feat, by numbers prais'd,  
 To favour great the youngster rais'd,  
 And justly of his victory proud  
 Across the lawn he crow'd aloud ;  
 When, lo! the Cock, who fled through fear,  
 Said in a tone, that all might hear—  
 “ Fly, braggart, fly, and life enjoy,  
 “ I scorn to quarrel with a boy,  
 “ But when thy prime thou shalt attain,  
 “ Be cautious how we meet again!”  
 Yet it is told the village o'er,  
 With him he ne'er encounter'd more.

It chanc'd, howe'er, this touchy blade  
 Presum'd the precincts to invade  
 Of one, worn out with care and age,  
 And cowardlike provok'd his rage;  
 The veteran rear'd aloft his head,  
 And long he fought, and much he bled,  
 When finding nought could make him yield,  
 The dastard, strutting from the field,



Exclaim'd, " I'll quit th' unequal fight,  
" And not in murder take delight;  
" But wert thou not so old, thy life  
" Should pay the forfeit of this strife."

## FABLE XXX.

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*Tambien en la Literatura suele dominar el espíritu de  
paisanage.*

---

## THE OSTRICH, DROMEDARY, AND THE FOX.

GREAT Nature, parent good, and kind,  
 In every age, has form'd mankind  
 Throughout each quarter of the earth,  
 To love the spot that gave them birth.  
 O'er ice-built mounts, and trackless snows,  
 The Laplander in transport goes;  
 And Indians burning near the line  
 Conceive their atmosphere divine.

No realm so rude, no land so waste,  
But suits the artless natives taste;  
Who their bleak hills and deserts prize,  
As Britons their more temperate skies.

In youth, in search of gems and gain,  
Though we advent'rous plough the main;  
Or perils brave, with dauntless air,  
Wealth to acquire, or fame to share,  
Whate'er the phantom we pursue,  
We keep this object still in view;  
Our arduous toils and perils o'er,  
To visit scenes belov'd of yore,  
And there, with friends and kindred blest,  
In peace to live, in death to rest.

Hence flows the love we often bear  
To those who breathe our native air,  
And hence, through pride, we oft refuse  
To aid, or praise, a foreign muse.

To pass some tedious hours away  
 In converse, with the wise and gay,  
 Some beasts of a superior breed  
 Assembled on a spacious mead,  
 And having travell'd, with address,  
 Discours'd like men, who sense possess;  
 Awhile the general conversation  
 Turn'd on the commerce of the nation;  
 "Of many knotty points they spoke,"  
 This told his tale, that crack'd his joke;  
 But speaking of the gifts of mind,  
 To every animal assign'd,  
 Some prais'd the bee, for labour fam'd,  
 The dog applause from others claim'd,  
 While others vow'd, for form and feature,  
 The leopard was the finest creature:—  
 "No," said the Ostrich, looking wise,  
 "The creature above all I prize  
 "Is he who toils, yet ne'er is weary,  
 "I mean the patient Dromedary."

Elate the beast, the flatt'ry heard,  
And cried, " You're partial, dearest bird,  
" For shape, and plumage, sense, and air,  
" None with the Ostrich can compare."

The crowd, astonish'd, stood around,  
To hear such compliments abound,  
And thought some end they had in view  
By this demeanour—no one knew.  
When, rising from his seat, the Fox,  
With accent truly orthodox,  
Said, " My good sirs, surprise restrain,  
" And I the occasion will explain:  
" These trusty friends, 'tis known to fame,  
" From the same place, in childhood came,  
" And hence, though strange as it may seem,  
" Springs, for each other, such esteem."

## FABLE XXXI.

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*La literatura es la profesion en que mas se verifica el proverbio:—¿Quién es tu enemigo? El de tu oficio.*

---

## THE FOX AND THE CATERPILLAR.

ENVY, says Pope, and nought's more true,  
Will merit as its shade pursue;  
But chiefest doth its malice light  
On the inspired few who write.

In traffic, with exceptions rare,  
Men a competitor can bear,

And pleaders oft in courts of law,  
Their brethren praise who notice draw;  
Nay, doctors own each others skill,  
And, void of rancour, purge and kill.

But, lo! in every clime and age,  
Wits among wits, rude warfare wage;  
In science, as it is in love,  
Our spleen a rival's sure to move,  
As favourites in affairs of state,  
Are ever hated by the great.  
Authors tenacious thus of fame,  
Oft rail at works that favour claim,  
Each, though the meanest elf alive,  
From glory would his equal drive,  
Or cross, or jostle round the course,  
His Pegasus, without remorse,  
Lest short applause his toil should crown,  
And put to hazard his renown.

I told you once, that in a field,  
Some beasts a large assembly held,



In which, two kinsmen, as by force,  
 Engross'd the whole of the discourse;  
 It chanc'd this morning, on the plain,  
 This numerous party met again,  
 The converse then on science turn'd,  
 When each to shew his knowledge burn'd;  
 Of weight they talk'd, the magnet's power,  
 Of electricity, an hour:—

When, lo! the ape, to shew his parts,  
 Begg'd they would reason on the arts,  
 And deem'd the silk-worm's toil and state,  
 A proper subject for debate.—

Agreed. Her work the insect brought,  
 On which each utter'd what he thought;  
 Its texture fairly laid to view,  
 Applause from every tongue it drew;  
 All said, creation's walks around,  
 Nothing so curious could be found,  
 And each to have a web desir'd,  
 And prais'd the treasure he acquir'd.  
 All did I say, with one exception,  
 At her the spider took objection.

She, with malignant fervour, said,  
The thing though neat, was slightly made,  
Declar'd its value over-rated;  
That none but fools its worth debated;  
And added, " Trifles oft we find,  
" Seem great to folks of little mind."

All at her malice took offence,  
And thought it argued want of sense,  
That she should venture to despise,  
What all around were pleas'd to prize;  
And ask'd the cause—The Fox arose,  
And said, " Her motive I'll disclose;  
" Nor marvel at the envious elf,  
" For know, the lady spins herself."

## FABLE XXXII.

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*Se ha de considerar la calidad de la obra, y nó el tiempo que  
se ha tardado en hacerla.*

---

## THE SILKWORM AND THE SPIDER.

THIS truth great Dryden's muse let fall,  
 "Write well, or do not write at all."  
 A rule, from which no bard should swerve,  
 But duly follow and observe.

Horace, whom all should study well  
 Who would in poetry excel,

Tells us, nor time nor pains to spare,  
 But oft to read and blot with care,  
 And this through many a lingering year,  
 Ere from the press our works appear.  
 From thence what crudely issues forth,  
 Oft dies like children in the birth,  
 Or flowers that we in hot-beds raise,  
 That droop in Sol's meridian blaze.  
 To write with skill, and write with ease,  
 That we a future age may please,  
 Talents are requisite, assigned  
 To very few of human kind:  
 Scribblers and plagiarists abound,  
 But where's a Shakspeare to be found?

Who would in name exceed the span,  
 Decreed on earth, to feeble man,  
 And like the sacred bards of yore,  
 As time rolls on, be priz'd the more;  
 Should grace, and wit, and learning blend,  
 His works revise, and hourly mend,

And though perfection none can gain,  
Should strive perfection to attain.

It chanc'd one day, in friendly chat,  
A Spider near a Silkworm sat—  
“ Sister,” she cried, “ since morning’s break,  
“ I’ve seen you toil, yet nothing make,  
“ While rising only with the sun,  
“ Behold what wonders I have done.  
“ Mark, is it not exceeding fine!  
“ And woven as by hands divine?  
“ Yet more than this, in yonder bower,  
“ Have I accomplish’d in an hour.”

The Silk-worm, with indifference said,  
“ Thy work, I own, was quickly made,  
“ But tell me, ere you vaunt it forth,  
“ What is its use, and what its worth?”

## FABLE XXXIII.

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*Mas vale saber una cosa bien, que muchas mal.*

---

## THE GOOSE AND THE SERPENT.

BESIDE the borders of a stream,  
 Basking in bright Apollo's beam,  
 A Goose, with self-conceit elate,  
 Thus prais'd aloud her happy state:—

“ Survey creation's ample round,  
 “ No bird like me is to be found;  
 “ Like man majestic, as I please,  
 “ I run, or walk, or sit at ease;

“ Or if my humour ’tis to fly,  
 “ Straight I can range the azure sky,  
 “ And, equal to the scaly brood,  
 “ Bathe in the brook, or skim the flood;  
 “ For in my form, hath bounteous heaven,  
 “ Combin’d all powers to others given.”

A Serpent, who this nonsense heard,  
 Her covert left, and straight appear’d,  
 Shrill hisses first her rage exprest,  
 And thus the babbler she address’d:—

“ Fool that thou art, egregious elf!  
 “ This pride restrain, and know thyself,  
 “ What are thy talents, deem’d so rare,  
 “ On earth, in water, or in air?  
 “ Say, canst thou, o’er the fragrant mead,  
 “ Bound like the deer, or neighing steed?  
 “ Or like the eagle wing thy flight,  
 “ To huge Plinlimmon’s awful height?  
 “ Or swiftly like the dolphin sweep  
 “ Through the vast regions of the deep?



" Or equal Philomela's strain,  
 " Or any songster of the plain?  
 " Since then, though learned thou would'st seem,  
 " Foolish, thou art, in the extreme,  
 " Thy pow'rs to one direction bend,  
 " Nor more to every gift pretend."

Ye of endowments who are proud,  
 And oft by sounds mislead the crowd,  
 Who loudly talk, with manners rude,  
 Of arts but little understood;  
 And think in science ye excel,  
 Who no one branch have studied well;  
 Should pride not make you counsel spurn,  
 A lesson here you may discern.  
 But if determined to invade  
 'The Muses' haunts, for genius made,  
 Resolv'd of " arms and men" to sing;  
 Inspir'd from no Pierian spring;  
 Rather, exerting all your skill,  
 Write one good work, than many ill,

One line of Collins, or of Gray,  
Is worth all Blackmore's pond'rous lay.  
They who to every thing aspire,  
But little knowledge oft acquire;  
Like traders are they, I have read it,  
Who open shop alone on credit;  
Awhile they gaily buy and sell,  
And matters go on vastly well,  
But on a competition get,  
Or in a jail, or the Gazette.

## EPILOGUE.

## FABLE XXXIV.

*No confundamos la buena crítica con la mala.*

## THE VIPER AND THE LEECH.

“ ALTHOUGH we both inflict a wound,  
 “ A diff’rence in our powers is found,”  
 Said, in the eloquence of speech,  
 The Viper to the harmless Leech ;  
 “ Thy lips a balsam can impart  
 “ To sooth of agony the smart ;

“ While men, if I appear in sight,  
 “ Hurry away in wild affright,  
 “ Amaz’d, that from so small a thing,  
 “ Such fatal maladies should spring.”—  
 “ The cause I will explain, my friend,”  
 Return’d the Leech, “ if you’ll attend :  
 “ We bite alike, I will confess,  
 “ Yet diff’rent properties possess;  
 “ To me kind Nature has bestow’d,  
 “ The will and power of doing good;  
 “ I, when malignant fevers reign,  
 “ Or wounds severe occasion pain,  
 “ Allay the direful throb, and save  
 “ Frail mortals from an early grave;  
 “ But if you bite, a deadly flame  
 “ Pervades, alas! man’s hapless frame,  
 “ Unstrings his nerves, pollutes his breath,  
 “ And gives him to the jaws of death.”

To him whose mind with fancy glows,  
 ’Tis far more easy to compose,

Than to correct and well revise;  
 In this the poet's judgment lies;  
 Nor small the skill to know with care  
 What to expunge, and what to spare,  
 Where figures are too bold, too low,  
 Here errors note, there beauties shew,  
 To curb the muse, that would depart  
 From nature, by the rules of art.

Poets have often so much wit,  
 They cannot patiently submit  
 To learn, what ne'er should be forgot  
 By those who write, "the art to blot;"  
 Hence may we see, the city round  
 In works of fancy faults abound.

Ye critics, then, to you we turn,  
 The faults of authors to discern!  
 'Tis yours to guide the Muses' pinion,  
 And keep beneath your mild dominion,

Her who obtains such approbation,  
 I mean the sylph, Imagination;  
 And to consign the poet's lays  
 To deep oblivion, or to praise.

FINIS.

*Erratum title page for vestute read vetusto*

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